JULY 25
1944

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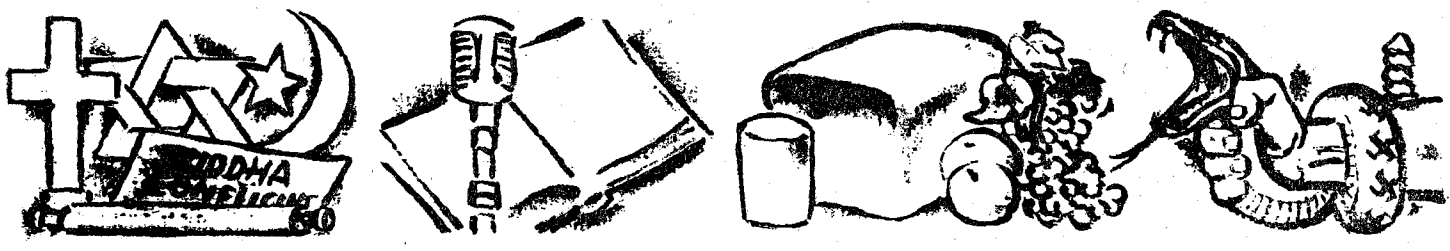

IN THIS ISSUE: Berlin Hears Their Footsteps—by ILYA EHRENBURG; Know Thy Neighbor, Mr. Dewey—by VIRGINIA GARDNER; I Meet Some Fuehrers—by A. B. MAGIL. Reviewed: The Rest of Your Life by Leo Cherne; Joseph the Provider by Thomas Mann; My Lives in Russia by M. Fischer.

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BETWEEN OURSELVES

ONE afternoon last week we walked up scorching Lexington Avenue to the offices of the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee. We had heard quite a while ago that through the intervention of the State Department, and with the help of the Committee, two Spanish Republicans, Carlos Lopez Maeztu and his wife Victoria, had arrived in this country with a blazing story to tell of life under Franco. Mopping our brow and cursing the heat we waited for Mr. Maeztu to come in, and when he did we began wondering why we were in such a frenzy over the weather. Maeztu is a small, thin man with a scar over his right eye and the tense, tired look on his face made us ashamed that all that seemed to be bothering us at that moment was the heat.

We sat down, and with the help of an interpreter Mr. Maeztu told his story. Every now and then we interjected a question and Maeztu smiled as if to say, "Be patient, we'll get to that shortly." How was it, we wondered, that Herr Franco's boys were willing to let him go, since after four years in prison he was sentenced to death in 1943 at a mass trial? It seems that he was saved finally by the fact that he was born in the Philippines and was therefore an American citizen. He had been a bank clerk before Hitler and Mussolini began firing their electric batteries through the Spanish olive groves. Joining the Republican Army, he acted as secretary to one of the officers in charge of communications. After the war he was incarcerated in Madrid and his picture of that dungeon reminded us of one of Goya's heartbreaking etchings. Fifty to sixty men were piled into a cell built for no more than ten. Except for what their families would bring, the men were never fed. Each morning and noon the guards delivered bowls of hot water made hotter by an ample spray of pepper. Those who had no families to bring food packages depended on their comrades, and Maeztu has seen many a scramble among the hungry for a piece of orange peel. Incidentally, packages were not accepted unless the bearer paid a peseta each time. The smallest infraction of the rules was punished by flogging. Yet, Maeztu said, morale and spirit were high.

By one means or another the Spanish underground press filtered through the prison gates. There were several Republican papers including *Mundo Obrero*, issued by the Communists. They told the heroic story of the sabotage and skirmishes of the guerrillas operating in the countryside. They told of the advances of the Allied armies. And each paper was passed from hand to hand at the risk of immediate punishment if not execution. One Christmas Eve representatives of different Republican groups in the prison met to talk things over. How the meeting was arranged only the participants know, but it was held right under the noses of the authorities. Of course, the Falangists, Maeztu said with a grin, try to make converts by distributing their shabby sheet called *Redemption* but the men use it for purposes not easy to describe in a family journal.

On our way out we stopped in to see Abe Ginnes who is the Refugee Committee's public relations man. Abe is a breezy soul, in the tradition of his profession, and reminded us about the Committee's forthcoming Fiesta in tribute to Republican Spain. The Fiesta takes place Sunday, July 23, at Harmony Park on Staten Island. The reminder was unnecessary since many of our readers and many of our writers already have the date on their calendars. And NM readers are among the entertainers. Spain meant, and means, too much to all of us to forget anything that can help the valiant Republican refugees.

OF THE memorable things about D-Day one of the probable personal recollections you will one day have is how you heard the news. Maybe somebody telephoned you before daylight. Maybe you knew only when you turned your radio dial in the morning. And, on the other hand, maybe you were out of reach of the telephone and your own radio, and heard it some other way. But few of us will have heard it as did the husband of one of the girls on our staff. Now somewhere in New Guinea, he was aboard a troop ship on the high seas on June 6. A letter just received by his wife described the reaction of the men on that ship:

"'Attention, please!' Through the loudspeaker system, throughout the ship, down in the hold. Silence. Then, 'Landings in France! Large air support under General Montgomery.' A huge cheer rose out of the hold. Soldiers who had griped and complained now were yelling as if the war had ended. From the smiles on their faces, one might think it already had.

"How long we have waited, and how many false hopes. Remember? 'They had landed.' Then it turned out to be only Dieppe. And now it's the real thing.

"I had promised myself champagne on this day, but of course there was no champagne, and if there had been, I couldn't drink. I couldn't even cry. There were too many soldiers looking at too many faces. I tried to keep away the chills that ran up and down my spine. The boys were so excited that many talked of how soon it would end, without a consideration of the task before them. But that doesn't matter; we all know it's there and we'll do it. This war now has a beginning and an end. It is limited and time will go more quickly."

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NEW MASSES

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BERLIN HEARS THEIR FOOTSTEPS

By ILYA EHRENBURG

THE striking thing about our Soviet offensive is its scope. Its glare is reflected in the skies of all Byelorussia. One front springs to life after another. Breaches are widening and the avalanche sweeps westward. The battle is raging in Byelorussia from the western Dvina to Polessye. Events are developing so swiftly as to throw not only the German generals but also Goebbels into confusion; he cannot think fast enough of circumstances to extenuate the retreat of the Reichswehr.

Never have we seen a debut like this. Blow follows blow, and all hit the mark unerringly. Wherever the Red Army attacks, the Germans abandon everything—their ferro-concrete fortifications, their guns and Hitler's threatening orders of the day. It is as though a wizard had only to press a button for German pillboxes to collapse. Moscow ack-ack gunners are having a hot time as salute follows salute. This is so like the beginning of the denouement that the thunder of Moscow's guns seems like the beating of an immense heart.

How unlike this June was to July of last year. At that time the Germans were still making attempts at an offensive. But after Ponyri and Prokhorovka they clung frantically to every inch of ground. It took many weeks to capture Orel and Belgorod. But this past year the Germans were reeducated. We have taught them to take to their heels. We have knocked the last recollections of 1941 out of their heads. We have so weakened the German army that July, 1943, must seem to the Germans like prehistoric bliss. Donbas, Mius, Dnieper, Korsun, Gomel, Smolensk, Novgorod, and Mga, and then Tarnopol, Dniester, Odessa, and the Crimea—all these are the sunshine of the autumn, winter, and spring in which the German divisions melted away.

Nor, as far as the climate of the world is concerned, does this summer resemble last summer. A year ago Hitler looked toward the West without misgivings. Normandy to the Fritzes was merely a peaceful beach. Hitler thought Sicily was all he would have to surrender. He was transferring divisions from France to Russia. He was still in a position to plan, to temporize, and to wriggle. But all that is over now. Our new offensive is noteworthy not only because of its scope and the successes scored; it is also noteworthy because this is the first Red Army offensive which is supported by operations of our allies.

Hitler is no longer able to maneuver. All he can do is wonder where the next blow will come from. The butcher has turned into an ox which is being dragged to slaughter. There was a time when the world was poisoned by German lies. For many years Hitler was able to frighten nations with the myth of his invincibility. He was no strategist; he was not even a statesman. He was simply a mesmerist who hypnotized those who were willing to be hypnotized.

A couple of weeks ago a German newspaper argued profoundly that the Red Army would not attack because in the first place "the Russians have used up their reserves," and in the second place "the Russians will leave it to the Anglo-Saxons to carry on the campaign." These articles were written for the benefit of the British and Americans, not the Germans. But the British and Americans only smiled. They knew that Russia was strong and that she would never cede to anyone her right to slaughter the invaders.

Who believed Goebbels? Not Churchill or Roosevelt. They knew very well that Cherbourg and Vitebsk are marked on the map with a Teheran pencil. The German lies were believed only by the Germans. The Fritzes in Vitebsk unbuckled their belts and said with a grin: "Let the fellows in Normandy do the fighting." When the Fritzes read Goebbels' report of Russian losses they blissfully dozed off to sleep. They were awakened by the thunder of our guns. The whole world now scoffs at the German lies.

BELGIAN patriots, parodying German military commentators, write in their underground newspaper: "The Bolsheviks, beginning with June, 1941, have at the most conservative estimate lost six and one-half times as many troops as they put into action in this period. That is a lot but it isn't enough. However, we may safely say that when, thanks to the elastic defense, the Red Army is destroyed for the nineteenth or twentieth time we shall find that victory has fallen to one of the belligerent sides." The Fritzes in Byelorussia and Normandy are now paying for German lies.

"Doer, Knower and Sayer," woodcut by Helen West Heller.

"Russia is completely exhausted," the *Voelkischer Beobachter* wrote in May. I won't ask fleeing Fritzes to count the shells falling around them or to imagine how many soldiers are chasing after them. But the Germans' journalists would do well to ponder over the list of generals and colonels mentioned in the Orders of the Day of our Supreme Commander. However, these journalists are already penning wretched reports about "the incredible concentrations of Russians and the gigantic concentrations of Soviet armament."

"The Russians will attack the Finns but they will leave the Anglo-Saxons to pay, themselves, for their Normandy adventure," wrote the *Krakauer Zeitung*, June 16. I don't know what this newspaper is saying today. Vyborg is a long way from Cracow, and Cherbourg is farther off still, but I fancy Zhlobin is causing the Fritzes a lot of uneasiness.

The Germans, of course, had splendid fortifications: they had slaves and long months of respite in which to build them. They erected another wall. But German walls are great migrants. What enabled the Red Army to throw down the walls in so short a time? In the first place, our artillery. We Russians have always been proud of our artillerymen: even in the darkest times their courage and skill buoyed us up. We have raised the art to unprecedented heights. We appreciate well-aimed fire. What was Germany dreaming of this past winter, which may turn out to be her last? Of the pilotless bomb, that blind instrument of death which is turned against the civilian population. During the same winter we doubled and trebled the power of our artillery. We know whom we are aiming at, and we aim increasingly.

Before me lies the diary of a Soviet artilleryman, Sergeant Orlov. The entries are brief: "Fired at German tractor-drawn gun and registered direct hit; fired on the retreating enemy and destroyed an infantry platoon." I have called Hitler's "new weapon," his pilotless bomb, the blind

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sniper. But our artillerymen have very keen eyes. It used to be said of Russian gunners that they could hit a mosquito in the left eye. It isn't easy to hit an elephant; it is a big target, it's true, but its skin is tough and you must know where to aim. I may say that Soviet artillerymen can topple over an elephant with a single bound. The pilotless bomb and our artillery are symbols of two different worlds.

We have written much about the growth of our commanders. I only want to say that we have learned from our difficulties. Easy successes are corrupting; the German army is an illustration of that. Everybody knows how hard it was to beat the Germans from Stalingrad. Those were tough and self-confident Germans. The art of our generals and officers, as revealed in this new offensive, is the fruit of three war years—the fruit of defeats as well as victories. I know some generals who are now conducting an offensive in Byelorussia. They are not rough nuggets; they are virtuosos. Their ardor is bound by strict form; their operations are daring but thoroughly thought out. I would compare these operations with Pushkin's iambics or Leningrad's embankments or with mathematical formulas or any manifestations of human genius in which a compass controls the imagination and inspiration animates seemingly lifeless laws. Generals Rokossovsky, Bagramian and Chernyakhovsky began the war in a modest way. But now . . . I am not referring to the star on their shoulders or breasts, but to the "star" which naive persons identify with destiny or fate or chance but which is the star of talent and is leading our regiments westward.

In a big battle every man's part is important. Sometimes the fate of a whole battalion or regiment may depend on the behavior of one man. Hundreds of thousands of heroes are in Byelorussia. But in all battles which have been fought in our land—from the defense of Moscow to Stalingrad, and from Stalingrad to the present offensive—lies the impress of one genius, one guiding hand, one inspirer. Military theoreticians in Britain and America are already writing books on Stalin's strategy. We cannot look upon our Supreme Commander with the eyes of an onlooker or historian: he is too near and dear to us for that. To us he is the incarnation of our people. Nevertheless, in military operations we discern his style; we discern it in the painstaking, businesslike working out of every detail; in the fact that the country which was equally famed for its natural wealth and its chaos has created an army which is knocking off spots on German pennants; in the fact that the country which until very recently was shown as a green patch on maps, a country of knights without armor and Brussilov regiments without ammunition, is putting the fear of God into the heart of the Reichswehr with its Essen, Saint Etienne, and Pilsen; in the fact that the talented but formerly untaught people have produced generals who can take a big handicap and still beat the vaunted successors of von Schlieffen. Everything done by our soldiers, their feats and victories, are associated with Stalin, and Stalin is fighting for us all—contributing to the general effort his individual talent and creative ability.

I once overheard the following conversation. A sergeant said: "If we go on like this we shall get to the frontier soon." To which his friend replied: "With Stalin's help we will go still further." . . . I think that when the heads of the three states discussed prospects for the summer in Teheran, Stalin might have said: "With the help of the Red Army we could go still further."

Let us turn away for a moment from the squares on the map upon which our eyes are riveted. Let us take a look at Europe. Never has Germany been threatened so drastically. The Allies in Cherbourg means that the gateway has been seized. The port is needed for the big battle. It is now open into the heart of France. To British forces which are containing Rommel's army will now be added American troops and those forces which were waiting in England until the big port was captured.

According to the American press, the French Army on the internal front is equivalent in value to ten airborne divisions. As soon as the French receive arms, these ten divisions will be augmented by scores of regular French divisions. General Kesselring is imploring Hitler in vain to send reinforcements to Italy. This summer the Germans' ranks have been thinned on the shores of the Mediterranean, in the Norwegian fjords, in Holland and Denmark. What did the Finns get from Hitler? A few planes and many threats.

The end is obviously nearing. What does the average—not over-clever nor yet over-stupid—German hope for now? Major Rudolph Senkel recently published an article entitled "Traits of Russian Character." He says: "In military matters the Russians are astute and often discover the trap. But when they are not fighting they are extremely trustful. Their character is like a landscape where high mountains alternate with valleys and where flowers bloom with close proximity to the eternal snows. The Russians are forgetful and far from vindictive, like a child." The idea is clear: having failed to beat us they hope to outwit us. They are relying on the fact that we are not vindictive.

The Germans do not realize how much our people have changed. They cannot see that the fires of Byelorussia are reflected in the eyes of all of us. They forget that besides strategy and politics there is such a thing as the conscience of the people. I don't think the Fritzes have changed. Lieutenant Herd Schenk, adjutant to the Second Battalion of the 449th Infantry Regiment, writes in his diary: "We set fire to all the villages. Some villagers capable of bearing arms we carried away with us; the rest we shot. We destroyed cattle and provisions. The enemy will find nothing but a vast desert. Today is my birthday. I have begun my twenty-first year as a capital incendiary. But then Russian villages burn so easily and so gorgeously. I have taken some very fine photographs. At nineteen o'clock we move on westward."

That is why the Red Army is advancing. Haven't enough heroes fallen these past few days? However, through the work of our artillery and air force, a number of fine points always remain, and casualties among attacking infantry are inevitable. What is it that spurs on our army? Wrath, indignation, and hatred so burning that it ceases to be knowledge or feeling and becomes a terrific force which overrides all before it.

Our homes and our charming Byelorussian villages are fires for the amusement of the Germans. The madmen—they don't realize what a fire they've lit. It is reflected not only in the skies of Byelorussia, but also in the heart of each of us. We will carry it to Germany. They will repent in the platoons and lament wholesale. They will weep copiously but no tears will quench that fire. It is spreading, and its glare is already lighting up the night in Germany.

Foreign observers are discussing the aim of our offensive: Minsk? Brest? Latvia? No. Everyone of our soldiers knows that we are marching on Berlin. In these three years our country has built up powerful armaments. We have learned to conduct offensives. We are fighting hand in hand with our allies. It means that we can put an end to the Germans. And need we say how we long to put an end to them? Every soldier has an ache at heart for himself and his dear ones. It is not a brave marching song, but the tears of our children which lead our army westward.

We've got to like the art of war because we passionately love peace, and it is for peace we are fighting. Our way home lies through Berlin. That holds good for the Siberian as for the Muscovite, for the Armenian as for the Lithuanian. We yearn to get to the German capital as though something splendid were awaiting us there. We shall only find vileness in the faces of the Germans and in the facades of Berlin's buildings. But we shall, indeed, see something splendid in Berlin: victory. It is victory which will bring our soldier back to his home, his wife, his lamp, and his tree.

I don't know when this new offensive will end, but I know how it will end. I know that June 1944, like June 1941, will go down in history. We have set foot on the road about which we have been dreaming for three years. We will get there.

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KNOW THY NEIGHBOR, MR. DEWEY

By VIRGINIA GARDNER

Pawling, N. Y.

THERE is no question about it, the people of Pawling, N. Y., are anxious to consider Thomas E. Dewey as a neighbor, and for his "human qualities" so emphasized by Egbert T. Green at the recent homecoming celebration the town gave him after his nomination. They are trying, but they are having a hard job. A few days after the reception, which the Republican New York *Herald Tribune* described as "intimate, informal, and non-partisan," I went up to Pawling to get those little nuggets of human interest which would show Dewey the neighbor in the same intimate, informal light. They tried to recall homey incidents, too, the Pawling folk. I'm sure they did. But the more I searched for Mr. Dewey the man, through the eyes of his neighbors, the more remote I felt from Mr. Dewey. He simply failed to emerge as the kind of fellow you could sit down and have a beer with and tell your troubles to. It wasn't that the Pawling people disliked him. But I couldn't help thinking of the famous line in the *New Yorker* profile of Dewey (May 25, 1940): "You have to know Mr. Dewey very well in order to dislike him."

Mr. Green, who is, as the *Herald Trib* said, the supervisor of Pawling township, and who also heads the Republican party organization there and is a local bank official, conducted the celebration program and said that the Deweys had won the love and respect of their neighbors and made Pawling "their home and fireside." The *Herald Trib* account continued: "Mrs. Dewey had taught in Sunday school and had played the church organ, while Mr. Dewey not only played golf on the community course, but had 'not been above doing plain farm work,' such as pitching hay and milking cows where there was a shortage of help. Mr. Green said . . . Mr. Dewey was a good farmer, kept his buildings up, gave his fields and herds good care and careful management."

The *Herald Tribune* said Mr. Dewey at the reception "talked intimately of his relationships with his neighbors, mentioning many of them by name." One of these was Frank Hildenbrand, who has a tailoring, cleaning, and dyeing shop on the main street. I told Mr. Hildenbrand I was writing a story for NEW MASSES on Mr. Dewey's neighbors. Now until I met Mrs. Green, whom I will discuss later, apparently all the Pawling people I spoke to assumed that NEW MASSES supported Dewey.

So when I asked Mr. Hildenbrand about his being mentioned by Mr. Dewey, he smiled happily, wiped the sweat off his face, apologetically mentioning that he had to do much of the cleaning himself nowadays, and said:

"I was really surprised when Mr. Dewey mentioned me, because he was in here so seldom. I guess Mrs. Dewey must've told him about me."

"Haven't you ever done any tailoring for Mr. Dewey, though—maybe just a repair job or two?"

"No," he said, "you know how those fellows are—they all have New York City tailors. I've done things for Mrs. Dewey—mostly like having everything cleaned before they put their winter clothes away for the summer."

"Well, when you do things like that, doesn't Mr. Dewey ever come in with the clothes himself, or drop in when he's in town to pick up something?"

"No," he said, "not since I've been in this location. He did come in the other shop a few years back. But the troopers do it all now. They do all the errands like that."

State troopers do not make very good copy when you're trying to get at Dewey the human being. But most of the loyal pro-Dewey merchants I spoke to had seen more of the troopers than of Mr. Dewey. Postmaster Fred Klum, who is a Democrat but has nothing to say about this campaign, said simply that he did not know Mr. Dewey. He had met him twice, once at the celebration. Mr. Dewey did not come in for his mail, because the troopers did that. The troopers occupy a little building near the entrance of the Dewey estate. I saw them as I went by the immaculate rolling lawns and the big white house, and from my point of view they did add a chilling touch to its receptiveness.

Jamison

JOHN ROGERS, the druggist, also was mentioned by Mr. Dewey in the intimate vein in his speech. Mr. Rogers was out of town, but a competent looking woman in starched uniform bearing the insignia, "registered pharmacist," smiled indulgent-

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ly. "It was nice of Mr. Dewey," she said, "but he did make a slight error. He mentioned our having Western Union. We did have it years ago, but the Dutcher pharmacy has it now." Sure enough, there was a sign, "Western Union," outside the other drugstore. But he mentioned that drugstore, too, so it didn't really matter. If he mentioned a merchant and that merchant had a competitor, Dewey was careful to mention him, too.

The Deweys are Episcopalians and the Rev. Richard Walmsley of the Episcopal church in Pawling opened the reception with an invocation. I found the Reverend Mr. Walmsley, a pleasant young man who apologized for being in shirtsleeves, in his old-fashioned rooming house at the end of the business district. He tried hard to be helpful. "I'd like to tell you something about the Deweys, but I really can't say that I know them," he said shyly. "They aren't parishioners. They attend our church on Christmas and Easter and such occasions, though." Mrs. Dewey's activities? "She attends, along with Mr. Dewey, when he comes." In the summer "they go to the church on Quaker Hill—that's the fashionable church," he explained.

The Deweys live on Quaker Hill, about two miles from Pawling. There the Rev. Ralph Lankler, an Episcopal minister brought in for the summer, holds services. The church is not open during winter months. If on those weekends when the Deweys were at home during the winter months they were not the assiduous churchgoers they now are, however, the courteous Mr. Walmsley did not say so. Mr. Walmsley's prayer at the reception was non-political, in contrast to that of Mr. Lankler, who prayed that Mr. Dewey "may have the opportunity to lead our land and suffering humanity in its hour of need." Asked if he knew how he would vote, Mr. Walmsley said, "Please do not ask me. I prefer not to comment."

THE three nearest neighbors of Governor Dewey are Clement Corbin, whose land adjoins Dewey's; John Cullen, whose farm lies just back of Corbin's, and M. D. Wandell, president of a trap-rock company located elsewhere in New York, who is typical of the wealthy city people who have bought big estates on Quaker Hill. Cullen and Corbin are old-stock native farmers. I found Cullen, a wiry, erect little man over seventy years old, just as he returned with a load of alfalfa. His blue eyes have the rheumy look of the old but he still does a full day's work.

"In the seven years he's lived here I've never laid eyes on Mr. Dewey," said this neighbor. "No, I've never seen Mrs. Dewey, either, or the children. I didn't go to the celebration in Pawling," he went on placidly. "I was too busy."

He spat out a mouthful of tobacco juice with precision and quieted his horses. "I always speak my mind, exceptin' when it's serious," he smiled. "Reckon I wouldn't if they was going to put me in jail for it. Yes sir, there's a lot of Democrats in Pawling, and a lot of 'em are going to vote for Roosevelt, and I'm one." He was unlike any other Democrat in Pawling I'd spoken to. The others were cagey, and mentioned being in business and the like. It is a heavily Republican community. Farmer Cullen, whose son, Tom, is in the Army, went on: "It would be nice to have a man from Pawling President, and if it was four years from now I wouldn't mind seeing Mr. Dewey get the election. I'm sure he's a fine man. But so long as the war is still on, and so long as we have Roosevelt in the White House, I'd just as soon not take the chances on having Mr. Dewey draw up them peace treaties."

At the farm next to Dewey's, I overtook farmer Corbin driving his team out for a load of hay. He was expecting it to storm, and he didn't look too happy at the prospect of talking about his neighbors, so I told him to go on and get his hay and I would talk to his wife and his neighbor across the way. Mrs. Corbin, I found, was a soft-spoken woman with intelligent brown eyes and that impressive dignity which only large women possess. She was hospitable and warm, but reserved. Her big kitchen was immaculate and the glass of iced tea she poured for me tasted awfully good. There was an electric stove and an old-fashioned wood stove with shining nickel trimmings. It would be a good kitchen to sit about in on winter evenings, and what's more natural than that the Corbins' next-door neighbors should drop in for some friendly chats? Possibly Dewey would call on Corbin to discuss the hay crop which Mr. Green felt he had such an interest in.

Mrs. Corbin looked at me intently and her lip curled just slightly. "I haven't seen any pictures yet of Mr. Dewey pitching hay but I expect to," she said. "Of course you know that he owns the land, but he rents it out to someone who farms it, Charlie Frumerie. Those are Charlie's herds, not Mr. Dewey's. But I guess he'll get some upstate dairy farmers' votes by the newspapers' talking about his herds."

THE Deweys used to come over with their children once in a while, but they would sit in their car and let the children out to play a while with the Corbin children. And they haven't been around in a couple of years. "Mrs. Dewey is very gracious," said Mrs. Corbin. "But since the troopers came we don't see anything of her. She used to have the children in school here and used to drive them home herself. They're as nice and natural as children can be, raised by a nursemaid. But in the last couple years Mrs. Dewey has cared for them herself. Now, though, they're all surrounded by the troopers. They can't go even to the front gate without the troopers being along."

Mrs. Corbin did not say how she would vote and I did not ask her. But she said with evident feeling that "no one could be more sincere than Roosevelt about the war," and added that she thought Mrs. Roosevelt "wonderful, the way she's going out to visit the boys overseas."

Directly across from the Corbin place lives another old family in the community, the Haynes'. You walk around to the back, past the hollyhocks in bloom, with a field going straight up a mountain side making you a little dizzy, and go through the kitchen and into the room where old John Louis Haynes is seated by a broad window. Here is a merry little dried-up man of ninety years, who has lived all his life in Pawling, "except for a year I spent in New York City," who was justice of the peace for twenty-five years, whose family have been Republicans since the days of the Whigs.

He is a charming old man, and a real figure in the town. "I guess your neighbor, Mr. Dewey, stops in to see you once in a while, since you're by way of being a celebrity here yourself?"

"No," he said, cheerfully, "he's never been in the house." He had met him, he thought he was a fine man, and he was going to vote for him. He still got around himself, "although I gave up driving my car a couple of years ago," but he had never been to the Deweys'.

He gazed out the window—at a view of blue hills, the lower Berkshires, and near-

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by fields, a view of real beauty. Most of the crowd that lived on Quaker Hill, near Dewey, were rich city folks, he said tranquilly. He, too, mentioned the fact that Dewey wasn't a farmer, that Frumerie owned the stock, tools, and equipment on the Dewey farm. "Guess he can make more money at being governor than farming," he smiled.

His pretty granddaughter, just out of high school, came in then, and volunteered that Mrs. Dewey had driven her home from school more than once and was "very gracious." This seemed to be the extent of the two families' acquaintance. A daughter-in-law came in from the kitchen. She was born on Quaker Hill when it was occupied by the old Quaker families, she said, and the church the Deweys attended there had never been a Quaker church, she wanted me to know. "Some wealthy man built it and subsidized it as a non-denominational church," she said. "Then Lowell Thomas, the radio commentator, who lives there, had it moved, I don't know why." The girl spoke. It was moved "to a better location." "I don't know what location's got to do with it," the older woman said. "You don't go to church for the location. What this world needs is more religion," she concluded.

"She's a great one for religion," said the old man mildly. For himself, he said, he was content to "go to church once in a while and be half-way decent in between." At ninety, he reads without glasses, smokes a pipe and cigarettes, "but my hearing's a little off." "Pawling's a Republican town," he said, "but Roosevelt's from Dutchess county, too. It's t'other end of the county. I hope we don't get mean or personal on either side in the campaign," he said, and turned to his hills.

THE Democrats in town are pretty tight-lipped. John Sheridan, who owns a taxi and bus service and is acting mayor of the town, admitted he was chairman of the Democratic party in the township but when asked how he would vote, replied obliquely: "Well, I'm on the village board, and whatever helps Pawling, I wouldn't hinder." Pawling normally voted Republican about three to one, he said. When I remarked to one of the men who drove his taxis: "Aren't there any people around here who will say they're going to vote for Roosevelt?" he said, "I ain't sayin' nothing." Another was full of tributes to Dewey. I asked what the soldiers recuperating at the large Rehabilitation Center on the road to Dewey's farm, about a mile distant, thought about not being allowed to vote. "They don't like it, and I don't think it's right either," said this driver who spent two years in the Pacific before being wounded and sent home. But he was silent when I suggested Dewey had something to do with the passage of the inadequate soldiers' vote bill.

Albert E. Dodge, cashier in the bank where Green is an officer, is a former chairman of the Democratic party in the county, but brushed me off with a voice that echoed throughout the bank, "I never know who I'll vote for until I enter the voting booth. I have nothing to say." Upstairs, in the law office of Blessing & Murphy, I talked to Lawyer Murphy, another former Democratic county chairman, for a quarter of an hour before I said, "You know, Mr. Murphy, NEW MASSES is supporting Mr. Roosevelt." His face lit up and he said, "Well, in that case, let me show you this—," and he pointed proudly to a framed letter from Roosevelt on a wall to the right of his desk. Murphy acted as Dewey's attorney when he bought his farm from the widow of the late Bert L. Haskins, vice president of a New York City bank. "I think I want to hear more from Mr. Dewey before I decide how I'll vote," he said. His estimate of Dewey as related to Pawling was as follows: "When he came here as district attorney he kept to himself, he was very reserved. But in the last few years as governor, he's really tried to be friendly and to be a regular fellow. I think he means it, too, and is sincere about it, but it's just new to his nature."

I learned from Murphy that the community golf course alluded to in the newspapers was put in by Lowell Thomas. Thomas had had a party of 150 persons, celebrities from all around, the day before. Thomas it was who was chiefly instrumental in getting Dewey to settle there. Thomas and another neighbor, Hugh Gibson, former ambassador to Belgium who is Herbert Hoover's closest friend, are friends. Thomas always asked people from the town when he had one of his frequent parties, said Murphy. It was Thomas who at the Dewey town reception called himself a "simple hayseed."

From other sources I learned that Gibson had advised Dewey not to run now but to wait four years. Hoover is an adviser of Dewey's and has visited within the year in Pawling. Whether Hoover and Gibson differed on this, or whether he ignored the counsel of both, is not known.

GOV. THOMAS E. DEWEY wants to be President of the United States, but he doesn't want too many soldier votes; he doesn't really want to win this war—all the way. And he doesn't want to pardon Morris U. Schappes who fought this war in its earliest beginnings. However, if you and your friends and all those interested in the annihilation of fascism bring enough pressure to bear, Governor Dewey can be cured of his reluctance. Have you seen to it that as many people as possible write to the governor at Albany, N. Y., demanding that he pardon Morris U. Schappes?

OF ALL the people I talked to, only Mrs. Green, the mother of Egbert T., the Republican official who arranged the celebration for Dewey, said she knew the Deweys well. "Mrs. Dewey is the exact opposite of Eleanor," she said spitefully. "She is a real home woman, who cares for her children."

"But it seems to me everything has been said in the press," she said. "You get today's New York *Daily News*. It has just what you want—pictures of Mr. Dewey picking cherries, and the family going to church." (The pictures showed him picking cherries in collar and tie, his usual neat self.) Mrs. Green spoke of Pawling, where there is no need for social service, "which is just a hobby for people who have their own income and have to find something to amuse them." I asked if there were no poor persons in Pawling, and she said, "No, there aren't, and it's just like other towns everywhere." "And I meant Eleanor when I talked about social service," she said. "I'll tell you we could stand either one of them again, but Americans just can't stand both Franklin and Eleanor." I had said nothing but arose to go. The tirade kept on for a while, and then she fixed me with a sharp look and said, "Young lady, I can't help but think you lean toward the New Deal."

When I admitted this was so, she arose and grabbed my arm. "Well, I'll tell you, we want a square deal, a square deal for the upper and middle classes," she said. "And what about taxes? Who pays them?" and she gave my arm a shake. This was only part of her flood of angry speech—but it would be unfair to the Deweys to blame them for their "friends'" point of view.

In his speech to his neighbors Dewey said, "We are fighting to keep this country of ours free and to keep our people just like our people here in Pawling are." Now Mr. Dewey has lived in Pawling seven years and I spent less than twenty-four hours there, but I think what Mr. Dewey doesn't know about Pawling is considerable. His new role of neighborliness is commendable, just as his new role of international collaborationist is vastly preferable to his former isolationism, but the words "Good Neighbor" still evoke a vision of one man above all others—FDR.

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HOW TO RECONVERT

By MARCEL SCHERER and HAROLD SIMON

UNDER the impact of the Brewster drama with its "sit-in" finale, Washington woke up and decided to do something about lightning contract terminations. In the War Production Board, a sub-committee of the Production Executive Committee (PEC) headed by Charles E. Wilson, executive vice-chairman of WPB, was set up to cushion cutbacks. On this PEC staff are seventeen representatives of government contracting and control agencies. The PEC is supposed to have "complete authority over all program adjustments, even to the extent of overriding a cancellation planned by the military procurement agencies."

Henceforth it is expected that the procurement agencies of the Army, Navy, and Maritime Commission are not to give notice of terminations or cutbacks until the PEC gives the word. The PEC, it is anticipated, will know of impending cutbacks far enough in advance to complete other plans for the best use of the plants and labor about to be released from war work.

However, we will continue to enjoy the luxury of twenty-seven different and independent war procurement agencies, all of which have the authority to place contracts or to cancel contracts without as much as consulting the others. The PEC has the right to veto a proposed cancellation but it does not possess the right to replace the cancelled contract with a new contract for other war work or a contract for civilian goods. The PEC has been without power to release materials or equipment that may be needed for any such switch-over in contracts. The PEC cannot decide for the military authorities what equipment they need and should be produced for them. Only the military authorities can decide that question. The power to veto a proposed cancellation of a contract is therefore no power at all. At best it can stay the execution of a cancellation for a few days, but once the war procurement agency has declared that certain plants are no longer needed to supply their wants, the contracts will have to be terminated and our problem remains unsolved.

An example of the best that can be expected under present regulations was seen recently at the Burchell Products plant in Brooklyn. After about a week's consideration by the PEC, the Navy gave management and the workers notice that the contract would be terminated July 31. The PEC could do nothing but tell 900 workers that in four weeks their plant would be shut down and they would be jobless. To make bad matters worse, the Navy then closed the contract at once without waiting even until July 31. At the same time another 2,700 workers of some 135 Burchell subcontractors are seriously affected also because most of these subcontractors will have to close down. No arrangements have been made by the Navy or the PEC to bring other needed precision work into the plant.

The PEC, which was to be the cure for any new Brewster situations, is without authority to remedy the situation and may well become another window dressing. It was unable to halt the cancellation, it was unable to get adequate advance notice to allow for adjustments, it is unable to direct new contracts to the Burchell plant. In a word, it cannot establish the order needed to replace the chaos of contract terminations.

BEFORE recessing, Congress took time out to pass a contract termination bill. This bill provides for negotiated agreements between contractors and federal procurement agencies to give business quick capital for postwar work, but it is not even a stopgap for the human factors involved in terminations. There are no provisions for taking care of the workers' pressing needs, not a single penny for severance pay. The contract termination bill provides quick liquid capital for the employers but quick unemployment for the workers. Obviously such an approach to this critical problem is tantamount to evasion of the real problem itself.

This is practically all the legislation and machinery so far set up for handling cutbacks. Congress has recessed, a recess that will probably last till August. New legislation may not come up until some time in September.

In the meantime a new phenomenon has put in its appearance on the manpower scene called "labor evaporation." This complication which is worrying WMC officials becomes increasingly serious as cutbacks and contract terminations are more frequent and as the date for large-scale reconversion moves closer. Workers "evaporate" from the active wartime labor force by taking jobs in less essential industries—"jobs with a future"—or they migrate to other areas where they hope to be able to maintain their rate of wages. A skilled labor force, integrated as a team, and persuaded by patriotism to stick to the job, can be dissipated quickly unless special care is taken to forestall manpower losses. Investigations show that when cutbacks occur, the skilled workers in the community can get new jobs quickly in the area but at sharply reduced rates of pay. This may drive them hundreds of miles from home, into new fields, often into non-essential work, in order to prevent a breakdown in their standard of living.

To these thousands we can add hundreds of thousands—fast approaching millions—of workers whose hours are cut and whose take-home pay has been sharply reduced, and who face a severely increased cost of living. The only real solution to "labor evaporation" is new work for factories which are slated for cutbacks, and effective measures to prevent the purchasing power of the workers being cut.

The direct responsibility for the present confused and chaotic situation can be traced to Congress' failure to provide over-all legislation with an orderly procedure for handling cutbacks and contract terminations while making certain that manpower and facilities will continue to be utilized for the immediate needs of our military forces. The Kilgore bill, introduced into the Senate on April 12, provides such legislation.

What is the Kilgore bill? It is the only bill that has been presented to Congress which links the immediate war needs for all-out mobilization of manpower and facilities with the major problem of reconverting a wartime economy to a full production, full employment peacetime economy. The Kilgore bill considers as interconnected parts of a whole the problems (1) of maintaining the wartime mobilization necessary for our speedy and complete victory, (2) of providing a central direction flexible enough to allow for overnight switches to such new armament manufacture as may be dictated by the developing military situation and, (3) of planning for the gradual relaxation of controls and reconversion of facilities and men. Finally the bill recognizes that every contract terminated means that workers in war plants and in the supporting civilian industries are out of jobs. The bill proceeds on the premise that we must maintain purchasing power if we are to assure an economy of full production and a continuing high standard of American living.

Part I of the bill creates an Office of War Mobilization and Adjustment to coordinate all federal activities dealing with maximum mobilization and full production both during the war and during reconversion. This office is to direct all programs, and includes a National Production-Employment Board, a Bureau of Programs, a Surplus Property Administration, a Retraining and Reemployment Administration (or Work Administration), and a Contract Settlement Administration. It takes in all the related reconversion problems and their agencies: production, planning of cutbacks, contract termination, control of surplus property, manpower

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transfer, training and placement benefits. Moreover, it is to have the power to plan current policy and act on current situations even before they arise.

THE National Production-Employment Board is to consist of representatives of industry, labor, agriculture, and the public. It will be the advisory and guiding agency of the office as a whole and will have attached to it a special technical staff. In addition, joint management-labor councils for particular industries and areas are to be established by the director of the Office of War Mobilization. In such an arrangement labor as well as management will have real representation and a voice in determining policy.

The Bureau of Programs will review various government programs dealing with war production, reconversion, and postwar adjustment, recommending changes and consolidations, and will survey the need for additional programs to take up the slack in production and employment, including public works, housing, industrial and regional development, expansion of foreign trade, taxation, and social security measures, planning for the war and the postwar at the same time.

Parts II and III of the bill provide for the careful disposition of war property and for the orderly resumption and expansion of civilian production. Operations are to be conducted in such manner as to promote full production and employment of labor and natural resources in all sections of the country, to give fair consideration to small business, to discourage monopolistic practices, prevent speculation, and aid in the establishment and development of foreign markets. The activities of numerous individual federal bureaus are subjected to direct control to keep losses of production and employment to the bare minimum involved in change-over from one type of war production to another or in reconversion to civilian supply.

Part IV sets up a Work Administrator as head of the Reemployment and Placement Administration within the office to establish a unified reemployment and training program. He is authorized to pay the cost of transporting workers with their dependents and household effects from their last residence to new jobs. An emergency unemployment compensation system is provided. From the date of enactment until two years after the war (two years after discharge in the case of servicemen) unemployed workers and exservicemen would be entitled to a suitable job or "interim placement benefits" amounting to twenty dollars weekly for a single man plus five dollars weekly for each dependent up to a thirty-five-dollar-weekly maximum. Civilians' benefits are not to exceed eighty percent of regular weekly earnings. Benefits are also to be paid for partial unemployment and disability. Mustering-out pay is to be changed to $100 monthly for a single man, $125 monthly for a man with one dependent, $150 monthly for two dependents, and is to be paid for two months to each serviceman plus an additional month for each year of service or fraction thereof.

The Work Administrator is also to provide free vocational education and training to exservicemen and to civilians for periods not over six months. Those receiving education or training are allotted maintenance of fifty dollars monthly for single persons, seventy-five dollars if there is one dependent, and $100 if more than one dependent. This ensures servicemen and workers on the home front being treated alike with respect to their common problems, and provides maximum unemployment compensation for the servicemen. These major provisions are not included in any other legislation pending in Congress. The George-Murray bill, S 1730, falls far short of these proposals.

Of no small importance are the provisions of the Kilgore bill which aid the returning servicemen in finding jobs, in assuring them of transportation costs to places where jobs are available if there are no jobs in their home towns. Besides, servicemen are eligible to vocational training and partial unemployment or disability benefits. The present "GI" bill, now the law of the land, falls short of giving the veterans the protection and benefits they are fully entitled to, as President Roosevelt stressed when he affixed his signature to that bill.

Courtesy Museum of Modern Art

"Mu Lan Says Goodbye to her Parents," watercolor in a series, "Miss Mu Lan Goes to the Army," by Huang Ming Ton, from an exhibition of war pictures by Chinese children.

HOW would the Kilgore bill handle cutbacks?

First, advance notice of a proposed cutback by any war procurement agency would be sent to the WPB. It would then be referred to the Production and Reconversion Committee for a survey of facilities by all the other war procurement agencies. If no other war contract were available, the matter would be referred to local and industry councils set up by the committee for possible area or industry integration. During this time ample procedure for appeal is provided to ensure equitable treatment of each plant. If it is finally determined that the plant facilities and labor are not needed for war production, then plans are to be made in accordance with the policies laid down by the director to release the plant for civilian production. A program of needed civilian production will be drawn up by the Bureau of Programs in consultation with the WPB.

Second, the following steps are taken with respect to the workers involved. The essential manpower requirements of the neighboring war plants are to be filled first. Workers not needed for civilian production in the plant will be transferred where their

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skills are needed by the Work Administrator. If their particular skills are not needed, they are provided retraining with maintenance. If no jobs are available, workers are guaranteed adequate unemployment benefits. This would maintain both morale and production.

Finally, a contract settlement will be coordinated with the other phases of the cutback. If surplus materials are released, the appropriate agencies will be notified and such materials will be disposed of to various government agencies. Special safeguards permit small business to acquire surpluses.

If appropriate legislation is not passed to meet these exigencies, we may find ourselves in a situation where some government war agencies may be afraid to do anything about contract terminations. It has been reported that the War Department recently vetoed a severe cutback in the production of one of the fighter planes because it was afraid of a public reaction similar to that developed by the Brewster case which might endanger public morale at the very time of the great invasion. What does this mean? It means that we may go on producing war equipment which the armed forces do not need in order to prevent a revolt of public sentiment. This is costly and wasteful. When the cuts finally come, they will come all at once, with cumulative effect and will have even more serious results than if they take place gradually.

Recently, Chairman Donald M. Nelson of the WPB, issued an order that was both realistic and fair, to permit the release of such materials as aluminum and magnesium and to allow any manufacturer to purchase tools, dies, and machines for civilian goods production whenever possible without interference with war production.

But this order was not carried out. There is a sharp cleavage in Washington. Three vice-chairmen of the WPB—Maury Maverick, head of the Smaller War Plants Corporation, Joseph Kennan, vice-chairman for labor production, and Clinton S. Golden, vice-chairman for manpower requirements—side with Nelson. They have the support of Sen. Harry S. Truman, chairman of the Senate committee investigating war activities on the home front, and Sen. James E. Murray, head of the Small Business Committee of the Senate. In opposition are the Joint Chiefs of Staff, headed by Admiral Leahy, Charles E. Wilson, executive vice-chairman of WPB, and others on the WPB. This is one of the most serious splits yet to appear in the WPB. The question is whether certain big manufacturers, who have received the largest percentage of war orders and who are still jammed with a backlog of these orders, are to block the opportunity for smaller manufacturers to take on orders for civilian goods production after their plants have been closed by contract terminations.

If any one argument should settle the case for the Kilgore bill with its clear-cut provision for a central agency to direct over-all planning, the split in the WPB should do just that. The position taken by Nelson is the correct one and he should be fully supported by labor and by the administration.

THE big day which makes our planning now so necessary is coming closer and faster, "X-Day," the day of Germany's collapse. The military victories in Poland and Normandy are mounting steadily. The defeat of Germany and the probability that "X-Day" will occur sometime in the fall of 1944 is no longer a matter of speculation. Our national economy has been increased to close to two hundred billion dollars. If we fail to plan for "X-Day" we will then face the absolute necessity of shutting down plants on a staggering scale. Experts estimate that fifty to sixty percent of the war plants will no longer be needed. The result of a "do-nothing" policy will inevitably be chaos on an unprecedented scale. At that time the problem will have become one of summary contract terminations in terms of tens of billions of dollars which will knock the props from under our two hundred billion dollar economy.

Proper planning now will not divert people from the war. Without such planning, the early collapse of the Nazis in Europe will find us so unprepared for handling the transition problems that the consequent chaos and confusion would seriously obstruct the effective prosecution of the war against Japan.

We need action now. Labor and industry must fully utilize the present machinery on cutbacks and reconversion even though it is very inadequate. We need cooperation on the part of the war procurement agencies, and particularly the Navy, with the WPB, with labor, and with industry in order to hold economic dislocations to a minimum. There must be cooperative planning, and working out of cutbacks on a national scale. Cutbacks in loose labor areas should be discontinued, especially when the same products are being manufactured in tight labor areas. Cutbacks in the latter areas will cause no unemployment and no idle facilities. The war procurement agencies need to realize that it is their responsibility to full war mobilization to have contracts for necessary war materials available to replace cutbacks and terminations. When they no longer have need for additional war products, they should be the last to block a reconversion of plants shut down.

The campaign for the Kilgore bill needs the support of all the people. This time we are fighting for jobs for fifty-five million people—for our workers and for all our returning soldiers.

Comment on recent developments in reconversion will be found on page 19.

Courtesy Museum of Modern Art

"Miss Mu Lan's Father Buys her Horses," watercolor by Huang Ming Ton.

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I MEET SOME FUEHRERS

By A. B. MAGIL

AN *entente cordiale* has been established between reactionary Republican and Democratic leaders who are working to prevent the reelection of President Roosevelt and fascist, anti-Semitic groups working for a negotiated peace with Hitler. During the recent Republican convention in Chicago I had the opportunity of confirming at first-hand the existence of this entente. I conducted no undercover investigation. I merely interviewed men like Gerald L. K. Smith, leader of the America First Party, Capt. William J. Grace, head of the Republican Nationalist Revival Committee, Dr. Gleason L. Archer, chairman, and William J. Goodwin, treasurer of the hate-Roosevelt American Democratic National Committee. And I also encountered that mysterious gentleman who has been the subsidizer and adviser of Charles E. Coughlin and of so many other pro-fascist men and movements, Robert M. Harriss, of the cotton brokerage firm of Harriss & Vose, 60 Beaver Street, New York.

Gerald L. K. Smith received me affably in his suite in the elegant Blackstone Hotel where a number of the more prosperous Republican delegates were quartered. He has come up in the world since I saw him last at the 1940 GOP convention in Philadelphia. He was feeling high after crashing the grand ballroom of the Stevens Hotel and holding a meeting there the day before the convention opened. And he had been received by the Republican resolutions committee, an honor not accorded to the CIO Political Action Committee. Smith handed me a copy of the seven-point program he had presented to the resolutions committee. I was interested in observing that even this truculent fascist had learned the weasel language of the Tafts and Vandenbergs: "a domestic and foreign policy which at all times puts the welfare of our nation first," "a guarantee of no superstate," "the preservation of the treaty-making authority of the United States Senate with no compromise as it pertains to the two-thirds rule." The fact is that the Republican platform as finally adopted conformed much more closely to the seven-point program of Fuehrer Smith than it did the proposals of Wendell Willkie.

As a personality Smith is on the florid side and he is decidedly partial to the sound of his own voice. The temperature hovered near 100 and he poured me out a glass of water from a pitcher after first drinking one himself. A thin, sad-eyed young man, who seemed to be a combination valet and secretary, sat in the room throughout the interview. Smith didn't bother to introduce us. "I don't really mind the heat," Smith said as he collapsed into the most comfortable chair in the room. "When I was down in Louisiana in the twenties I used to have to make several speeches a day in steaming weather. It kind of stimulated my perspiratory glands and I've been able to stand heat pretty well since." Later he removed the jacket that was draped loosely around his 250-pound bulk and I was able to confirm visually that his perspiratory glands had indeed been stimulated. We turned to politics.

"One of the high men in the Republican Party," he said, "a man who's making policy and is backing Dewey, told me it's only a matter of months before we'll all be fighting Russia, and Germany will be on our side." Of course, Smith couldn't tell me the name of this Republican seer. I asked how Dewey would react to such a development. "He says Dewey will go along."

SMITH was rather bitter about Dewey. The beginning of a beautiful friendship had been nipped in the bud by a speech Dewey had made on April 4 before the United Jewish Appeal, repudiating Gerald L. K. Smith and his ilk. What particularly irked Smith, it seems, was the transparent hypocrisy of Dewey's action. "He waited till the evening of the day of the Wisconsin primary when all the votes were in," he said, his gray eyes glaring at me. "The next day one of Dewey's close associates called me up long distance and told me not to pay any attention to the speech. Dewey had to make it, he said, in order to keep the Jewish vote. 'He really feels the way you do,' this man told me. I told him that the man who led the Dewey ticket in Wisconsin was an American Firster, that the head of the Dewey-for-President committee in Michigan was my personal attorney, and that the leading Dewey man in Indiana was the ex-treasurer of the Ku Klux Klan, and that if Dewey repudiates Gerald L. K. Smith, he can go to hell."

Smith failed to mention the fact that even after this "break" he had made public overtures to Dewey in behalf of the "nationalists." It was the coolness toward his support on the part of Dewey's managers—support which they accurately gauged as the kiss of death—that finally soured him.

"Who is your attorney?" I asked.

"His name is U. S. A. Heggblom."

I recalled that Heggblom used to be a Michigan state senator. "Does he support your ideas?"

"Sure he does, he's for America First."

"And for Dewey?"

"Yes, for Dewey."

Mr. Heggblom, the Dewey booster, America Firster and attorney for Gerald L. K. Smith, was in fact a leading member of the Michigan delegation to the Republican convention.

Smith arose to pour himself another glass of water and gave me another too.

Despite the falling out with Dewey he was in an expansive mood. "I like to be interviewed by the opposition," he said. "It stimulates my mind." He spoke of himself as a man of principle and went so far as to compare himself in that respect with the Communists. "I've worked with operatives investigating the activities of Communists," he said, "and we've invariably found that a real Communist can't be bought. That was the shock the Republicans got about me: I can't be bought."

But the man who can't be bought believes he has something to sell. "The only way Roosevelt can be licked is if Dewey makes an abject bid for the nationalist vote." He estimated the nationalist vote at 3,000,000 and defined it as "the Coughlinites, Smithites, the philosophical and ideological followers of the Chicago *Tribune*, of Hamilton Fish, Clare Hoffman—everybody you people hate."

"Have you cooperated with Colonel McCormick?"

"That question can't be answered yes or no," he replied. "Our people appreciate the editorial policy of the *Tribune*. But there has been no strategic cooperation—no conferences, meetings or anything like that."

As far as Smith personally is concerned, he may have been telling the truth. But as John L. Spivak revealed in his series in NEW MASSES earlier this year, the man who is generally regarded as Smith's personal representative in Chicago, Earl Southard, participated in the spring of 1943 in a series of conferences with Colonel McCormick, Gen. Robert E. Wood, former chairman of the America First Committee, Charles A. Lindbergh, and spokesmen for Charles A. Coughlin. At these conferences plans were made to launch a drive for a negotiated peace when the casualty lists of the second front start mounting. Southard is head of the Citizens USA Committee, formerly the Citizens Keep America Out of War Committee, an offshoot of America First. In an interview with Spivak Southard denied he was Smith's personal representative and said he hadn't heard from him for a long time. I asked Smith about Southard.

"I wouldn't call him my personal representative," he said. "That sounds too much as if he's my messenger boy. But

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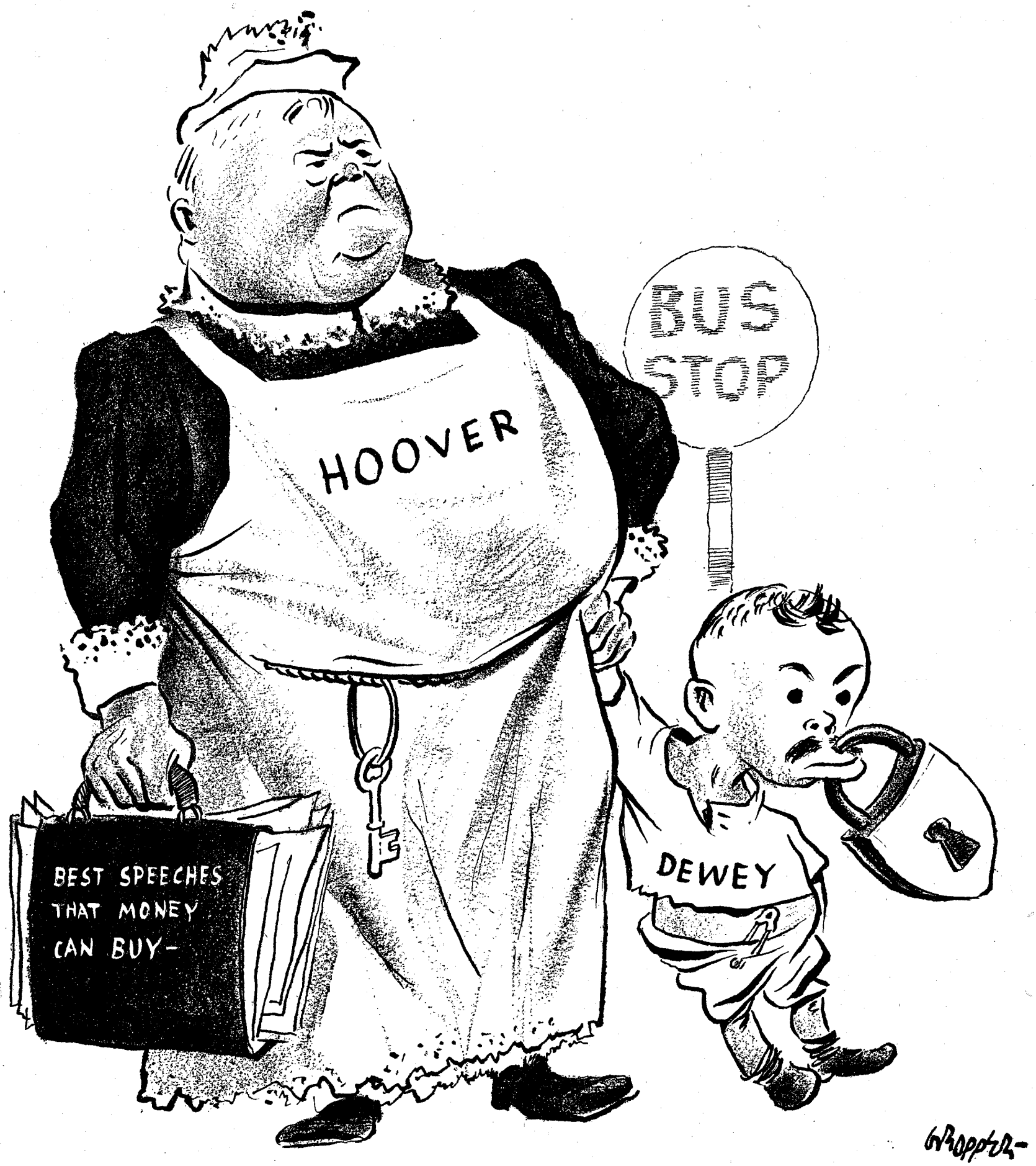

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Earl Southard and I work closely together and I have a high regard for him. He and I agree on every basic thing."

IN THE course of the interview I learned there were others for whom Smith had a high regard and whom he described as agreeing with him: Henry Ford, Lindbergh, and Senators Robert Reynolds and Burton K. Wheeler. He admitted that Harry Bennett, head of the Ford secret service, had given him money, "but he helped me only a little bit—just a couple of thousand. I'm sorry it wasn't more."

"Hasn't Mrs. Dodge helped you too?" (I was referring to the widow of the co-founder of the Dodge automobile fortune.)

"I never got a cent from her."

"What about her son?"

"Horace gave me $100," and then he added hastily: "—that is, I think he had a friend who gave him $100 for me."

Just then the door of the adjoining room opened and an attractive, though rather overrouged, middle-aged woman entered. He introduced her as Mrs. Smith. She stayed only a few minutes and left.

"What are your plans?" I asked.

"We'll call a convention about August 1 and nominate a ticket of our own. And we'll cooperate with Bob Reynolds' American Nationalists' Committee and try to elect as many nationalist Senators and Representatives as possible."

I inquired about Reynolds' activities, and Smith obligingly sent the sad-eyed young man into the next room to get me a membership application of the Reynolds' outfit and the first number of his new magazine, the *American Nationalist*, which consists almost entirely of reprints from Hearst's New York *Journal American* and *Mirror*, the New York *Daily News*, and from the recent works of George Sokolsky, Benjamin de Casseres, and Rupert Hughes.

"Will you nominate Lindbergh for President?"

"We'll nominate somebody like Lindbergh. He agrees with my point of view—at least he did the last time I talked to him a few months ago. But I don't think he's temperamentally inclined to be a candidate. He's somewhat of a recluse."

"Will Ham Fish cooperate with you?"

"I don't know whether he'll cooperate, but he wouldn't do anything to harm us."

"Are you working with the American Democratic National Committee?"

"I'm sympathetic to much that they're doing. We're both against a fourth term, of course. But most of them are reactionaries." I smiled at this calling of the kettle black. "Yes," he went on a bit belligerently, "I don't believe in low wages. I'm in favor of high wages." So were the Nazis when it suited their purposes before they came to power.

I inquired about Smith's relations with Coughlin. "All the Coughlin leaders support me," he said, "and Coughlin and I are very sympathetic." At the same time he denied that he had any recent contact with the Royal Oak Goebbels. "He confines himself to his parish activities, you know." He didn't explain how a priest who confines himself to his parish activities could have political leaders supporting Smith.

"What about a negotiated peace—do you favor that?"

Smith arose and assumed an oratorical stance. "The best interpretation of my attitude toward peace was made by the Pope on June 2," he said.

"Wasn't that the speech that was widely interpreted as urging a negotiated peace?"

"Negotiated peace is a term people kick around," he said. "I agree with the Pope." As I rose to leave a young man in uniform minus jacket and cap sidled in and sat down familiarly. "I see you have followers in the armed forces."

"Lots of them," Smith shouted triumphantly as he opened the door to admit a group of women who looked like a delegation from one of the defeatist mothers' groups.

AT THE office of the Republican Nationalist Revival Committee at 82 W. Washington Street, Chicago, a plain, middle-aged woman told me that Captain Grace was probably at his law office across the street at 77 W. Washington. Without asking my name or my business she graciously called him and told him I'd be over right away. She also informed me that Mr. Southard's office was in room 526 in the same building as the Revival Committee, but that he wouldn't be in till later.

Captain Grace welcomed me briskly. He is a stocky, pudgy-faced man with a moustache which Spivak has aptly described as mousey. When I told him who I was, he said he could not grant me an interview. He had given three or four hours to John L. Spivak, opened his heart to him, and that nasty man had done him wrong. I had heard the same complaint from Smith. "I hate especially to refuse anybody named Magil," he said enigmatically. I argued with Captain Grace, whose bearing is anything but military, but he was adamant. He then proceeded to talk for a half hour, occasionally answering questions. And quite unsolicited he showed me correspondence involving one Harry Morgan, a shop steward in a war plant, against whom Local 1150, United Electrical, Radio, and Machine Workers-CIO, had preferred charges for anti-union disruption. Grace assured me that Morgan's only offense was that he was opposed to a fourth term for Roosevelt—though he did show me quite a lengthy list of charges against Morgan that made no mention of the fourth term. It was obvious that in acting as Morgan's attorney he was making a happy combination of business and idealism.

I had heard that the Republican Nationalist Revival Committee, which had been inspired by Colonel McCormick and had sought to enter the Colonel's name as candidate for President in the Illinois primary, was on its last legs. I inquired how it was getting on.

"It's still alive," Captain Grace said with what appeared to be a defensive note in his voice.

"You mean it's still alive in the sense it's not dead."

"No one can tell when anything or anybody will die. You may die tomorrow." He had me stumped. Throughout our conversation I found that whenever he got into a tight spot, he would throw me with some philosophical remark of that kind.

"I guess Colonel McCormick let you people down," I said.

"In what way?"

"By supporting Dewey?"

"As a matter of fact, the only contact I ever had with McCormick was after the draft movement was under way and he withdrew from the primary and I was a member of a delegation to try to persuade him not to withdraw. I never met him before or since."

SINCE I had said nothing about Grace meeting or knowing McCormick, his statement seemed irrelevant even if unintentionally revealing. It becomes even more irrelevant in view of the fact that for quite some time Captain Grace practically commuted to Detroit carrying messages between Colonel McCormick on the one hand and Ford and Lindbergh on the other.

"What's your attitude toward Dewey?"

"We haven't taken a position yet."

I pulled out a Republican Nationalist Revival Committee leaflet issued before the nomination, attacking Dewey. Grace merely looked cagey—cagey as an elephant.

"What do you plan to do in the campaign?"

"Our executive committee will have to meet and decide that. The main purpose of our committee was to defeat Willkie."

"And you feel you did that?"

"Well, we didn't do it alone. I'm not saying whether ours was a major or minor contribution, but we helped."

"Is Mr. Regnery still a member of your executive committee?"

"Yes, but he isn't active. He's sort of retired." I was referring to William H. Regnery, Chicago businessman, who together with the anti-Semitic Avery Brundage, promoter of the 1936 Berlin Olympics, had been one of the founders of the America First Committee and the Citizens Keep America Out of War Committee.

(*Continued on page* 31)

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CHANGING ALASKA

By HAROLD GRIFFIN

Vancouver, British Columbia.

I MET him in a general clothing store in Fairbanks, a well-stocked place where you could buy anything from a pair of Indian mukluks to a dress shirt and, for that matter, articles of clothing now almost unobtainable outside Alaska. Who he was and what he was doing in Fairbanks is not essential to this story. The world knows now that Soviet airmen are flying American-built planes from Edmonton and Fairbanks across Alaska to the Soviet Union, even though the full story cannot yet be told, and it is sufficient to say that he wore the uniform of a Soviet flier.

My trouble was one familiar to any civilian travelling in Alaska today. As a correspondent temporarily assigned to the headquarters of the Northwest Service Command of the United States Army at Whitehorse I had run out of clean shirts in observing the ritual of dressing for dinner every night in the officers' mess. And laundry facilities at Whitehorse, I had soon discovered, were limited to one establishment, operated by the Army, which tried ineffectually to serve the needs both of the Army and the greatly increased civilian population. I had also found that while it was simpler to buy new shirts than to wait for the laundry, others had made this discovery before me and exhausted the limited stock. So the clothing store was the first place I headed for when I reached Fairbanks, where there is no rationing problem.

The Soviet flier was listening attentively while the clerk explained something to him in Russian, fumbling for each word as though he were thumbing for it in the dictionary. Nodding emphatically, he said something in reply and the tall young man behind the counter smiled, looking very pleased. Then they both looked at me. The Soviet flier pulled a pack of American cigarettes from his pocket and offered me one. "He is learning to speak Russian," he said to me in English and gestured towards the clerk. "Yes," the clerk broke in, "some of us here have been taking Russian language classes this winter. We figure it'll be a pretty useful language to know, particularly after the war."

I spent a long time in that store while we talked about Alaska and the Soviet Union. The Soviet flier remarked how much Alaska reminded him of parts of his own vast country. And he was impressed by the modern appearance of Fairbanks. "Everyone is so busy in Alaska," he said. "So much building."

I did not tell him that if he had come to Fairbanks in the years before the war, the long years of Alaska's neglect, he would not have been so favorably impressed. But those were years when very few Russians visited Alaska, when a wall of suspicion denied the geographic proximity of Alaska and Siberia. Alaskans, however curious they might be about the accomplishments of their neighbors across the Bering Strait, knew only that Siberia was being transformed while their own great territory languished, written off in the minds of most Americans as a wilderness unfit for settlement.

Now I had to agree with him that Fairbanks, with its substantial stores, hotels, and theaters, its streets thronged with soldiers and airmen and workers from the various projects, presented a lively appearance. It might have been any prosperous little town in the American West, except for those little differences—the log cabins of bygone years squeezed between more modern buildings on the main streets and sprawled around the outskirts, the casual acceptance of a way of living found only on this northern frontier—that give the cities of Alaska their own unique atmosphere. How far Fairbanks had progressed in the ten years since I had last seen it I could judge by the busy airfield which I remembered only as a clearing at the edge of town where ball games were played in the long summer days. And I could get an idea of how far the people of Fairbanks themselves had progressed by listening to the young clerk. He began a conversation, in which he did most of the talking, about the tremendous possibilities for trade and interchange of technical information between Alaska and the Soviet Union after the war.

"Why, with the Alaska Highway and the new airfields we're right on the road to Russia and China," he said, "and this is only the beginning. You hear a lot of talk about the Alaska Highway being abandoned after the war, but I don't see it that way. It took us too long to get a highway, any sort of highway at all. It cost us millions to build this one and it stands to reason we're not going to see it abandoned unless we can get a better one. Maybe we will in time, but right now we should be worrying about how we're going to make the most of the one we've got instead of knocking it." Talking with civic leaders and merchants, with miners and fishermen, I found that the young clerk's views on postwar relations between Alaska and the Soviet Union more or less reflected the change that has come over the thinking of many Alaskans during the past three years.

Charles Nakata
Tule Lake

LIKE the people of the Pacific Coast, Alaskans were acutely aware of the threat posed by Japan, a threat that grew year by year after 1931. The Japanese armies marched westward and southward, into Manchuria, into China. They were mobilized along the Soviet border and their provocations brought the "incidents" of 1938 and 1939 and bitter defeat at the hands of the Far Eastern Red Army.

But if there were some in Alaska who hoped that the Japanese would continue marching westward and who promoted suspicion and distrust of the Soviet Union as part of their policy, the majority of Alaskans realized only too well that their territory, undeveloped, lacking communications, ill-defended and yet holding the key to Pacific strategy, would be a primary objective of any Japanese move against the United States. So they watched uneasily while Japanese fishermen roamed at will in the Aleutians and along the coasts of the Alaskan mainland, moving only to protect their interests as the fishermen did at Bristol Bay when Japanese encroachments threatened not only their future security but their immediate livelihood.

It is doubtful if many Alaskans were deceived in 1939 when scare stories were spread across the United States magnifying the erection of a weather station on Big Diomede Island (some three miles from Little Diomede Island on the American side of the Bering Strait) into the construction of fortifications directed against Alaska. Most Alaskans took the sensible view that the Soviet Union had enough to do for generations to come in developing its own virgin areas of Siberia without coveting a territory that had passed by friendly purchase from the uneasy hold of the Imperial Russian government in 1867.

Yet the fact remained that before the

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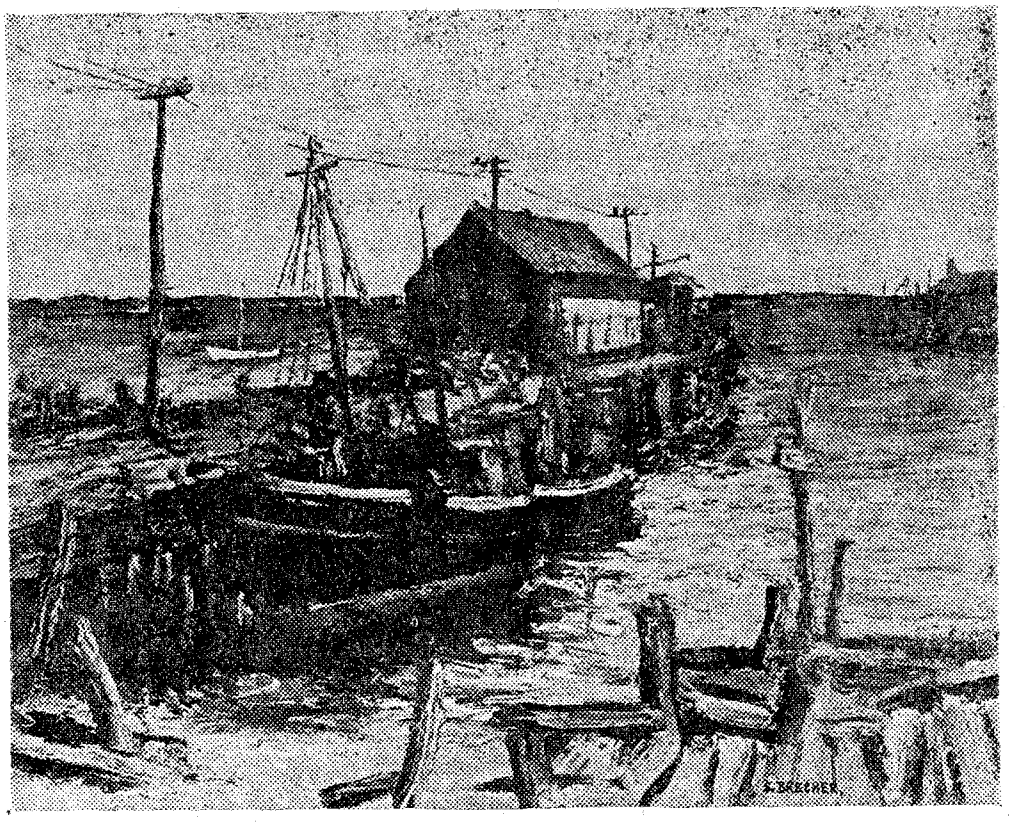
war the Bering Strait, the historic bridge between Asia and the Americas, might as well have been an impassable mountain barrier. A plane could cover distance separating the two continents in a matter of minutes, but the only plane communication occurred on those rare occasions when the American and Soviet governments cooperated in a search for fliers lost in the Arctic. Alaska and Soviet Siberia, the new frontiers of the twentieth century with so many problems in common, so much to be achieved only through cooperation, were neighbors who seldom went beyond distant speaking terms.

Today all this is changing. Among the people of the territory there is a new and intense interest in the Soviet Union. They have made the exciting discovery that they are the closest American neighbors of the Soviet peoples and that as a result of the new highway, railroad, and aviation developments there is no longer any physical obstacle to the exchange of neighborly visits. And the postwar horizons brought into such clear perspective by the Teheran concord hold high promise that political and economic differences will not becloud the new friendship established during the war.

I found this new interest in the Soviet Union not only among residents of the territory but also among the troops stationed along the Alaskan Highway and at various centers in the territory itself. Soldiers from little towns of the Midwest and the South, to whom Alaska and the Soviet Union alike had previously been remote, unknown, or at best ill-defined, had lifted themselves above the forests and the mountains through which they hacked and tore a way to grasp the new concept of geography, and to grasp it far more clearly than some of the Congressmen and Senators who later junketed over those highways. "I sure would like to be the first to drive through to Nome when the road is built," the young soldier who drove the first vehicle from Dawson Creek to Fairbanks over the Alaska Highway said to me. "I'd like to go all the way through Russia if I could. I'd like to see for myself what they're doing there."



"Summer, 1943," by Samuel Brecher

OTHER things are changing in Alaska too. Some correspondents have concerned themselves with the superficial changes, the gaudy night life of Juneau, Anchorage, and Fairbanks, where soldiers, on leave from isolated camps, and project workers make the most of their time. But these are only transient aspects of the new Alaska. The lasting changes go far deeper and are not always apparent at first sight.

Alaska has often been described as the last stronghold of "rugged individualism." This has been advanced as an argument against what certain interests in the years before the war chose to call the "paternalism" of government-sponsored settlement projects, of which the much maligned Matanuska Valley project is the best known. Before the war the Matanuska Valley project was damned as a failure and nowhere more than by those shipping and other interests opposed to the extension of farming to make the territory more self-sustaining. The success of the project today, engaged as it is in supplying fresh food to the troops and civilian residents, is of more than passing significance. It is proof that given the industry, communications, and a growing resident population, farming in Alaska is practicable and a necessary adjunct to development of the territory.

The appeal to "rugged individualism" has also been employed to defeat trade union organization. Some people will tell you that Alaskans are too independent, as though the reason for the weakness of union organization outside a few main centers were the initiative and resources of a frontier people and not the scattered nature of the mining and fishing industries, the difficulties of communication, and the influence of company-dominated towns and settlements.

This will change too. With the growth of industry and trade made possible by the construction of roads and railroads and with the increasing need of the United States to develop the territory's great mineral and oil resources will come a corresponding growth in the trade union movement. Once the instability and uncertainty of operation characteristic of many Alaskan industries have been overcome more workers will make their permanent homes in the territory and play a part in the building of its communities.

Organized labor, and especially the powerful Alaska Fishermen's Union whose influence has spread so far that it has a local of nearly 600 members, all Eskimos, on the Bering Strait, helped to arouse the people of Alaska to the menace of Japanese fascism. It played an important part in the dark days of 1942 when invasion seemed imminent. And now that the war is transforming Alaska, giving it communications with the rest of the continent, overcoming its physical isolation and weakening the position of those opposed to its being opened up, labor will share the task of guiding and shaping its destiny.

Alaska, the last great undeveloped area of the United States, is emerging from the obscurity in which physical obstacles, popular prejudice and selfish interests have maintained it for nearly a century. It is a young territory, aspiring to statehood, whose virtually untouched resources can make a tremendous contribution to the continuing prosperity of the United States in the reconstruction period in return for the investment made in its development. The United States has had other frontiers during other periods in her history. The making of this, her last and perhaps her greatest frontier, is important to every American because it comes at a time when the organized voice of her people can have a decisive influence on its future.

Mr. Griffin is the author of "Alaska and the Canadian Northwest" and editor of "The People."

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LOOKING AT SCIENCE

By WILLIAM RUDD

MAN-MADE QUININE

UNDER "Communications to the Editor" in the May issue of the *Journal of the American Chemical Society*, there appeared a short note, less than a page, entitled "The Total Synthesis of Quinine," and signed by R. B. Woodward and W. E. Doering. One is tempted to say "short and sweet," though the synthesis was long and the product is very bitter. A notice of this sort is important news under any interpretation, because quinine has been and is a prime war necessity.

Unfortunately the yields must be very small and the synthesis is still far from practical. The starting point is a compound called 7-hydroxyisoquinoline, which in itself would be quite costly if it were but available. Thereafter a welter of chemicals is used. The price of the quinine would have to be enormous. Nevertheless, were quinine needed at any cost, it would be producible. There is little reason, at the moment, to worry as the newspaper *PM* did, about the tying up of the process by the Polaroid Corporation, backers of the researchers. They probably wish they had something to tie up. Incidentally, the last stages of the process, those that produce the quinine itself, had been worked out by a German investigator, Rabe, in 1918, and cannot be patented.

The human interest in the quinine story is great. Doering, formerly of Harvard and now of Columbia, ranks only as instructor in organic chemistry. Woodward is also a very young consultant. They did the job in less than fourteen months. Even if synthetic quinine does not replace the natural material extracted from the bark of the cinchona tree, the work will serve as a landmark and a guide. Perhaps both men will now try a hand at compounds *resembling* quinine. A synthetic cousin might be a hundred times as good.

OUR DAILY IRON

WHAT is all this clanking that is going on? It is the iron in your nutrition. If you are under one year you need six milligrams per day and you will need more and more as you get older, till you need fifteen milligrams at the age of sixteen to twenty. As an adult you will manage with a mere twelve milligrams. Should you be pregnant fifteen milligrams it will be again. To eat your iron right you will have to choose sources rich in utilizable iron and it must be in the right company, like calcium, protein, and vitamins. Milk seems to be the best source. Then there are also liver, beef, egg yolk, prunes, apricots, peaches, raisins, and oatmeal. For those who feed on over-refined foods, iron-enriched flours and bakery goods are becoming available.

How can you tell that you have an iron deficiency? If you are an adolescent girl and have a little too much of a Victorian pallor, you may have chlorosis or "green sickness." You can be cured by taking Blaud pills, a remedy over a hundred years old, and you can follow the progress of the cure by blood counts because you have "hypochromic microcytic anemia," meaning low-color, small-cell anemia, which you can observe. Any severe or chronic blood loss is likely to show up in this kind of symptom. If you are a blood donor, remember to build up your iron reserves.

The total iron you carry in your system is a small fraction of an ounce and about two-thirds of it is present in hemoglobin, the pigment of the red cells. This pigment combines great utility with beauty. The useful aspects of its existence are the carrying of oxygen to the cells and the removal of carbon dioxide waste from them. The remaining one-third of the iron is found in storage, in active construction centers of blood cells, and in the muscles and other body tissues, as muscle hemoglobin iron and "parenchyma iron." The main storage depots are the liver, the spleen, the kidneys, and red bone marrow. The excretion, if any, is still a mystery. The body seems to take up what it needs and lets the rest go through. No one has explained what happens with the daily twelve milligrams.

SCIENTISTS AND POSTWAR PLANNING

THE problem of postwar unemployment is already occupying the more serious minded of the scientists and engineers. They feel the call to produce something new which will supply new jobs, and to make that something new so startling that it would be accepted promptly and in time. There are suggestions and suggestions, ranging from a new five cent cigar to a helicopter in every backyard. But they often turn out to be the very opposite of what is intended.

Mr. M. W. Smith, vice president in charge of engineering of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Co., speaking for his industry, thinks there will be new modes of power generation, power transmission, communications and electronics, transportation and aviation. He is forced to find hope that more power will be needed because lighter materials found in cars versus the heavier materials of tanks require larger amounts of energy to produce per pound. Otherwise he can only count on an indirect effect of the release of government orders on manufactures to produce a temporary demand for more power. Note is taken that the public has become "travel conscious" and that more buses and new trains will be in demand. Electrical devices developed in the war effort will invite utilization. Specifically he mentions the Precipitron, an electrostatic type of air cleaner, and inductive heating or heating indirectly by high frequency current in nearby coils, which has scored a sixty percent saving in tinning metal. New types of locomotives are coming up. They are turbine driven with a gain of efficiency of twenty-five percent. The turbine drives are also going to invade aviation. But, we might ask, if the turbine business will boom, won't something else decline quite as much?

ANOTHER GLIMPSE

TOMORROW the world will live in prefabricated houses which will have variable size rooms. It is still unknown whether the occupants will be able to shrink with the cubicles. We might as well believe that the rooms will be completely air conditioned and equipped with air sterilizing lamps. All will be under electric eye control. So much of one's time might be taken up with television that perhaps one would not care much about looking out of the shatter-proof windows through which one might only see out but not in.

The story of a thousand and one plastics will be told in the form of soya bean suits—a factory has already gone into operation—glass fiber hose, paper pillow cases, tubeless tires, twenty passenger helicopters, freight gliders, pocket portable radios, and—write your own ticket. Plastic steaks haven't been invented yet, but don't worry, they will be. Of course all food will be prefabricated, frozen, and dehydrated.

SCIENCE, COMMON SENSE, AND DECENCY

UNDER this title the eminent Nobel Laureate in Chemistry, **Irving Langmuir**, discusses—well, what does he discuss? It is hard to tell. The best this reader can do is to quote the author's conclusion: "Since we have to live with our minds, we should train them, develop them, censor them—but let us not restrict them by trying to regulate our lives solely by science or by reason."

It looks like a defense of the "irrational." Many a fascist lies amouldering in the grave but the irrational goes marching on. Langmuir prepares the unwary reader with an interesting authoritative discussion of physics and sets the trap with a conclusion: "The net result of the modern principles of physics has been to wipe out almost completely the dogma of causation." Where is the trap? In the word "almost." Langmuir drops the word in due course and with it,

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one might say, science, common sense, and decency. A little later he is already saying that "it is possible for single unpredictable quantum events to alter the course of human history." A quantum event, by the way, is one like the famous case of the loss of a battle because of the loss of a single horseshoe leading to the loss of the rider, the platoon, the regiment, the army, the nation.

From then on the Langmuir of the first part of the article, who boasted that science permits nothing absolute, talks shamelessly of human events being a "matter of 'pure' chance." Pure, mind you. Pure means absolute. Langmuir can now stuff any nonsense he wants into such a breach. He decries the possibility of a true science of economics. "We underrate," he says, "the importance of intuition." And then he gets to the conclusion which we have quoted.

INVENTIVE PROBLEMS FOR THE PEOPLE

THIRTY-FIVE inventive problems, solutions of which are of present interest to the armed services, have been listed and circulated in a hesitant way among a limited number of laboratories. Since the divine gift of invention existed before there were laboratories, we think the problems might interest the omnipresent resourceful layman. Here are some of them:

1. Removal of dissolved mineral matter from sea water and brackish water by ionic exchange process.

2. Means of controlling fires in fighting tanks for a sufficient period of time to evacuate personnel. The process should not be injurious to personnel and should be manually controlled and operated.

3. Waterproof compound for treatment of duck used in fabrication of canvas drinking water storage tanks.

4. For field use, a simple, practical, and accurate method of determining moisture content of aviators' breathing oxygen.

5. A means for unloading ships by use of quickly erected tramway.

6. Reduction of glare from glass surfaces by *durable* coatings suitable for field application.

7. Optical method for determining the difference between an artificial green and a natural green.

8. Destruction and removal of obstacles to landing operations. Obstacles may be visible or concealed and may be off or on shore.

9. Methods of protecting our vehicles from the effects of enemy land mines.

10. Ingenious and simple decoy devices for purpose of confusing and misleading enemy.

11. A voice-transmitting gas mask which would permit the wearer's voice to be heard with clarity.

12. Design of life vest which automatically inflates and turns the man on his back when he is thrown overboard by concussion and is unconscious.

READERS' FORUM

Critics of the Classroom

TO NEW MASSES: In its approach, David Porter's article, "No Time For Ivory Towers," in the June 6 NEW MASSES, was essentially defeatist. It left the impression that our colleges are staffed with old maids of both sexes who are busily engaged in searching for literary bones that they piece together, giving the skeleton a hollow shake for the benefit of the students, before it is filed in a closet labelled "The Materials of Higher Education."

Either Porter has enrolled in the wrong school, or he has failed to view the academic scene comprehensively. It is true that he has dealt with the teaching of literature. Further, it must be granted that in his "postscript" he notes that there is a glimmer of hope. At the same time, has he not fallen into the trap of emphasizing the apparent weaknesses rather than the strong points of higher education?

As an institution, American higher education is certain to reflect the crosscurrents of contemporary society. It is doubtless true that there is too much "education as usual." There is another, a hopeful side of the story. Just as the colleges have proved the training ground for some of our staunchest uniformed fighters, so is it that many young folks in college classrooms are grappling with vital social issues.

Last summer I wrote a Master's thesis on the teaching of controversial subjects. The material I had gathered, and the literature which I reviewed, were productive of emphatic conclusions. I found agreement among teachers that controversial social subjects should be discussed in the classroom. My data indicated that teachers believe it the right (some said "the duty") of an instructor to take a stand on these questions, within and without the school.

My thesis included quotations from the most progressive educators in the country in some of their most progressive statements. And yet there was not the slightest attempt on the part of my supervisors to guide the investigation into "safer" channels. It might be asked, "But who reads a thesis?" The answer to that question is that my thesis abstract was published in one of the University of Washington's publications which is widely circulated among professional educators.

This experience was one of many I have had in recent years that have convinced me that our colleges are staffed with people who in their thinking are by no means lagging behind the day's significant developments. Of course, I refuse to go Pollyanna-like to the extreme of claiming that our colleges and universities are fully grasping their opportunities.

With Mr. Porter, I hope for the day when higher education will be more acutely attuned to the social climate. The Abraham Lincoln School in Chicago, and the Thomas Jefferson School in New York strike me as pointing the way. These two schools give no degrees. They are staffed with competent teachers who are bent upon sharing their knowledge with all those who are eager to gain it.

Criticize our colleges? Yes, when they deserve criticism. At the same time, let the critics be careful to affirm that as the war progresses and as the peace is fashioned on the solid rock of Teheran, our college and university campuses will feel the great impact of the winds of freedom. It is then that some of the old academic injustices—and there have been some grave ones—will be rectified. It is to be hoped that those who have labored for better colleges to serve the new society, will join in the struggle to revitalize American education.

WILLIAM H. FISHER.

Bellingham, Wash.

TO NEW MASSES: David Porter's article on the backward teaching of literature in American colleges is a deep and illuminating criticism, summarizing unexpressed hungers and longings of thousands of literature students. I disagree with none of it, except that solution of the thing may be more susceptible to action than he thinks.

Talk of "adaptation of academic subject matter to the contemporary situation" is what scares professors and is what scared Mr. Porter's professor in discussion of *Passage to India*. Many sincere scholars do not wish to subordinate literature to politics: they know there is more to literature than that one subject, even with all its ramifications: so they stop thinking with criticism on that point and dive into a reactionary hole. Personal reasons, of course, complicate the reaction.

Literature is related to today's burning problems directly, but also in a more fundamental way: the same viewpoint of society motivating, say, Tito's Partisans, resembles in many ways the personal view-of-life that made Chaucer write the *Canterbury Tales* or that gave birth to the Shakespearean dramas. Popularity itself is not the measure of greatness: the highest achievements of writing are made as a result of a vision so broad that it embraces and explains politics, society, and art. Then universal mass understanding always results. That is why and how Shakespeare can reach the people of the warring Soviet Union.

This study of writing in terms of life (which includes today's struggle) will not frighten sincere teachers, even if they now be reactionary. Much critical foundation is already laid by V. L. Parrington's tradition-withering work, and advances are being made today by Marxist critics.

It should not be difficult for students and teachers to "prod the laggards," who will eventually find out that America's most advanced and only really explanatory criticism makes laughing-stock of them.

Seattle. LOWELL RICHARDS.

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NM SPOTLIGHT

The Good Soldier

"THEREFORE, reluctantly, but as a good soldier, I repeat that I will accept and serve in this office if I am so ordered by the Commander-in-Chief of us all—the sovereign people of the United States."

President Roosevelt's decision was hardly unexpected. Yet such is his stature that what would ordinarily have been anticlimax proved an act of world significance. For the President has become a creative symbol of the hopes and loyalties of millions in all countries. He is the embodiment of American leadership, of American will and power in the shaping of a world of freedom, well-being, and enduring peace. He is in a profound historic sense the indispensable man—in the same sense that our country could not have dispensed with the services of a Washington, a Jefferson, a Lincoln in the great crises of its past.

In his letter to Robert E. Hannegan, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, the President states that after twelve years as President and Commander-in-Chief, he would personally prefer to lay down the colossal burdens of his office. "But we of this generation chance to live in a day and hour when our nation has been attacked, and when its future existence and the future existence of our chosen method of government are at stake." We are faced, he points out, with the tasks of winning the war quickly and decisively, winning it in such a way as to prevent future wars, and providing jobs and decent standards of living for all Americans. It is for these reasons that Mr. Roosevelt has decided to set aside his personal wishes and to accept the nomination which, as Mr. Hannegan wrote in his letter to the President, not only expresses the sentiment of a majority of the delegates to the Democratic convention, but "is a reflection of the wishes of the vast majority of the American people."

When one stops to examine the matter coolly and objectively, it seems fantastic that there should be any doubt that Franklin D. Roosevelt must remain at his post. Even if Governor Dewey were better qualified than he is and his record and platform less reactionary than they are, the argument in favor of the retention of Mr. Roosevelt would still be towering. Is it not preposterous that in the midst of this gigantic war of survival and with our country facing the no less gigantic problems of peace, the one person whose services it is proposed that we dispense with is the Commander-in-Chief? By the time this war is over General Marshall will have served as chief of staff longer than any of his predecessors, yet no one suggests that he be replaced. Nor has anybody urged that we change the chairman of the War Production Board or the supreme commander of the Allied forces in western Europe in order to avoid "one-man dictatorship."

Once one moves from the principle involved to the actual alternative to FDR that is being offered, the unthinkable character of the proposed change becomes even clearer. Compare the meaning of the Roosevelt name with the vast poverty of personality that is Thomas E. Dewey. Compare the Roosevelt record, in peace and in war, with the Dewey record. Compare the man who as early as 1937 was urging a policy of concerted action to quarantine aggressors with the man who as late as 1943 still had not come to understand that the Soviet Union and China must be our partners as well as Britain. Compare the clearcut position of the President on all major issues of the day with the evasions and ambiguities that have trailed after Dewey's political career and make him incapable of being forthright on even so simple a matter as the soldiers' vote. And compare the forces that stand behind Dewey—the McCormicks, Hearsts, Hoovers, and Tafts, the apologists for Berlin and the haters of Teheran—with the forces that stand behind Roosevelt—the CIO and the majority of the AFL, patriotic non-partisan businessmen, most of the outstanding Negro leaders, everything decent and progressive in the country.

Edith Glaser.

It is one of the defects of our constitutional system that not even the utmost national peril can bring about the postponement of an election. But it is possible to convert this weakness into strength by not only assuring FDR's reelection, but returning him by such a decisive majority that both the friends and the enemies of America at home and abroad will know its mind for the years ahead. Let us not underrate the power of those behind Dewey to deceive and befuddle in the desperate effort to win at any cost. The President has answered the call of the people. The people must now answer the call of the times and march to battle for victory in November.

Invaluable Partner

AS WE go to press, there is no clear indication from Chicago whether Henry Wallace will once again be the President's running mate. The news reports have been criss-crossing each other and it seems at this writing that the anti-Roosevelt forces are planning a heated battle against the Vice President. Our earnest hope, of course, is that Wallace will be able to lick them. He is the man best fitted for that job by experience, ability, and general outlook. He has transformed what had previously been the vermiform appendix of our governmental system into an important and vitally constructive office. He is a man of stature and superb intelligence. Not only has he captured the imagination of millions in our own country but he has millions of friends all over the world who have seen in him the best expressions of the President's policies. Before the convention opens he has the largest bloc of votes of any candidate for the vice-presidential nomination and, as the Gallup poll last March showed, his support among Democratic voters is even greater.

It doesn't take any unusual political perception to see that the campaign against Wallace has been inspired by the same figures who sought unsuccessfully to halt FDR's renomination. They have been abetted by certain pseudo-liberals like Attorney General Biddle and Tommy Corcoran. But let us not make the mistake of certain other liberals who in their zeal to put Mr. Wallace on the ticket have forgot-

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ten for the time being that this issue cannot be made to overshadow the issue of rallying the greatest support for Mr. Roosevelt. The poll taxers and the faculty of the electoral college conspiracy have already suffered a major defeat with the renomination of the President and his reelection means that the executive branch will be in the hands of the win-the-war-and-peace forces no matter who is Vice President. However, a reactionary Vice President, particularly if Congress is controlled by diehards, can do a great deal of harm. The case of Cactus Jack Garner who needled the New Deal in its formative stages should not be forgotten. The renomination of Wallace would strengthen the fight to implement Teheran.

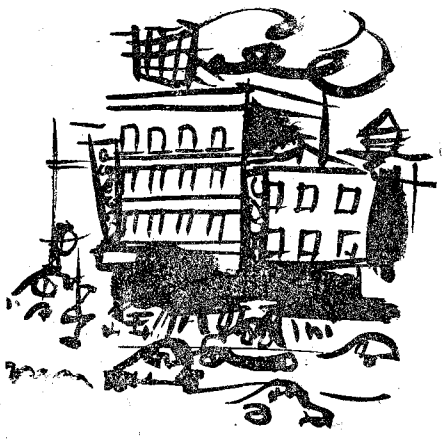
Last week Walter Lippmann pontificated that while Henry Wallace was undeniably a man of superior talents, he was too good for the vice presidency. Apparently Mr. Lippmann considers the Vice President too impractical. For Mr. Lippmann's benefit we recall his plea made less than three years ago that Wallace head an over-all organization (this was before the establishment of the War Production Board) to end the chaos in production. Evidently even the hardy plant of the Lippmann logic wilts under the heat of election partisanship.

Whether as Vice President or in some other capacity the country cannot dispense with Mr. Wallace's invaluable services.

Toward Reconversion

AFTER more than a week of public battling between civilian and military officials, both have agreed to WPB Chairman Donald Nelson's orders to start orderly reconversion, but on a staggered time chart. Actually the most important part of the program, enabling WPB officials in the field to authorize civilian production if labor, plants and materials are available, was delayed materially. An order on that issue is set for August 15, but officials say they will review it at that time in the light of the military situation.

Nelson was backed fully by organized labor. The orders under question and the attempt to sabotage them, however, only serve to emphasize the need for a fully planned transition to peacetime production which could be achieved under machinery envisioned in the Kilgore bill, S 1893. In the face of mounting cutbacks, this is no academic problem but a burning issue. If cutbacks are allowed to continue without plans for using workers and plants in other production, the Dewey forces will have a fine chance for a demagogic appeal to large numbers of unemployed by November. At the same time there is danger that exaggerated stories of future unemployment will be used by Trotskyites and others who are not interested in unconditional surrender to



cause workers to leave war plants now. The only solution is a plan—which War Mobilization Director Byrnes has not put into effect—which will prevent a wholesale repetition of the Brewster layoff of 12,500 persons.

Behind the reminder of the military men that the war is not over (which Nelson had in mind when he said "in the interest of war production itself . . . it nevertheless is essential to prepare now for the return to civilian production") are some unpleasant facts to consider. It is not merely settling the questions between big business and small business which can at once clear the way for civilian production. The same forces which opposed all-out war reconversion to the last are the forces now opposing quick reconversion on an orderly basis.

The auto industry spokesmen for Ford, Chrysler and du Pont who opposed conversion to war production now oppose any government-ordered conversion to peacetime production, estimating they can go back to only fifty percent of peacetime production by the middle of 1945. Yet they still have much idle capacity and idle tools, and at one time were holding out one-third of such capacity just for return to civilian production. They represent the same forces which were successful in inserting a plank in the Republican platform opposing civilian "interference" in the war—a platform which included, moreover, no program for postwar jobs and planned reconversion, while insisting at the same time that rationing and price control be removed.

Except for C. E. Wilson of WPB, who has made an excellent record for war production, the officials who opposed Nelson have all along represented reactionary interests for the most part. They include, for instance, William Batt of WPB, who is again whittling down lend-lease orders from the Soviet Union on the claim that they call for such products as machine tools where production is declining. (There has been about a twenty percent reduction in machine tool production this year over last.) He simply ignores the fact that production is declining because the orders just aren't coming through.

A Step Forward

UNDER popular pressure and the necessities of the war the Jim Crow policies of the Army are gradually being broken down. An important step forward was taken last week when all bans against Negro nurses were removed. Truman K. Gibson, Jr., civilian aide to the Secretary of War, in a letter to Mrs. Mabel Staupers, executive secretary of the National Association of Colored Graduate Nurses, announced that "Negro nurses will be accepted without regard to any quota. They will be used both in this country and abroad. They should apply for commissions in the regular manner."

Thus has come to an end the pernicious system whereby Negro Army nurses were limited to 220 at Negro hospitals. Five thousand new nurses are desperately needed before the close of the year. Recruitment has been running far behind in spite of the well known fact that trained and qualified Negro women throughout the country have been anxious to serve in this capacity. The effort to break this particular aspect of Jim Crow has been led by Mrs. Staupers' organization which deserves much credit for its stand. But as Mrs. Staupers herself generously admits many organization, both white and Negro, participated in the struggle and all share in the victory.

The Jim Crow system in the armed services is taking blows, but it has not yet been defeated. The shameful policy of segregation practiced by the poll tax diehards of the South has spread throughout the nation and throughout the world as a result of its adoption by the Army and Navy. It is high time that the whole rotten system be discarded so that the flag of American democracy can advance to victory over fascism unstained.

The Soviet Family

THE perceptive student of Soviet affairs will see in the new decrees on family relations and mother and child welfare both an adjustment to the severe social dislocations brought by war and a further expansion of the vast body of legislation guiding community welfare. The fact that these decrees tighten Soviet divorce procedure and provide for additional government stipends after the birth of a third child has been seized upon by some newspaper commentators as proof that the Kremlin is abandoning Marxism, socialism, materialism, and the Volga River in order to please the western democracies by recognizing the family as an institution. To be kind and polite we can dismiss this muddleheadedness by reminding the editorial writers, especially the one who penned an absurd essay last week in the New York *Herald Tribune*, that there has never been

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any cleavage between Marxist philosophy and a belief in family. It was a distinguished Soviet leader and one of its early commissars of education, Lunacharsky, who said that the "main kernel of society is the family." And one need only have a limited acquaintance with Lenin's work to know how bitterly he condemned those who approached sex lightly. But if none of the USSR's leading Marxists had ever said a word about the sanctity of family, their acts in terms of legislation, in tremendous sums expended for child and mother care, for nurseries, for aid to the pregnant, and the laws guaranteeing the equality of women—all of these would be sufficient in themselves to prove their firm advocacy of a stable family life.

The war has, of course, disrupted normal family relations in the USSR, as it has everywhere, and has brought in its wake the death of thousands of children, the separation of youngsters from their parents, and perhaps a certain laxness here and there in relations between the sexes as well as between husbands and wives. But in a very real sense Soviet family bonds have become stronger as families have worked and fought together against those who would have enslaved them. And in a country which, according to some estimates, has lost between ten and fifteen million of its best sons and daughters, the concern for larger families is not only understandable but necessary. We shall see this concern express itself throughout Europe. Those countries whose populations have been decimated will make every effort to provide the economic means for larger numbers of children. A nation's greatest treasure is its people and the Soviet Union has long practiced this principle and safeguarded it in peace as well as in war.

Machines for Latin America

WHAT has happened to the Mexican economy during the war is more or less typical of what has happened in all the other countries of Latin America—with two exceptions. Brazil and Argentina, being already partially industrialized, have had stronger economies with which to withstand the rigors of war. Elsewhere the sequence of events has been something like this. The nations of Latin America whose undeveloped economies are based upon peasant agriculture and the production of raw materials, who have been handicapped by a semi-colonial relationship to the economy of the United States and Europe, with the outbreak of war suddenly found all trade channels except those with the United States cut off. The demands of our war industry stimulated Latin American production and export of raw materials to unprecedented heights. And their economies have been flooded by the American dollars with which we have paid for these purchases.

The jam came on two scores. First, US exports of the kind of goods and materials the nations to the south needed were virtually eliminated because of our inability to spare anything from the war effort. And secondly, none of these nations was willing or able, as the case might be, to adopt sufficiently stringent internal controls to cope with the inevitable inflationary crisis. The result has been a plague of speculation, hoarding, profiteering, and consequent inflation of prices and the cost of living. In Mexico, Cuba, and other countries this situation became so crucial as to have serious political consequences. For the economic plight of the common people furnished ammunition for those who hated the democratic trends of the United States and of their own nations.

Now for the first time the economic perspective has taken a favorable turn. It is marked by the US-Mexican joint economic development program announced a week ago by Secretary of State Hull and Mexico's Foreign Minister Ezequiel Padilla. As the tempo of our war production begins to slacken, it becomes possible to initiate a program of export to Latin America of machines and goods which will help those countries industrialize and thereby use their surplus cash balances. It is evident from the arrangement we are making with Mexico that we plan as far as possible to provide Latin American requirements according to carefully worked out plans.

The question, however, does not have only a general economic significance for Latin America. It has also an important political one. For economic aid is the most effective way to drive out the economic speculators and the political reactionaries. No Sinarquist can flourish if the standard of living of the Mexican population is on the rise. It is therefore to be hoped that the program of joint economic development just begun between Mexico and ourselves will be expanded to include other countries of the hemisphere with all the speed permitted by the still gigantic demands of the war.

FRONT LINES by COLONEL T.

WILL THE NAZIS CRACK?

AFTER the Allies under Foch struck on Aug. 8, 1918 at the so-called "Cambrai key" on the Western Front, the German High Command broke and advised the Kaiser and his government that the war was militarily lost. After that, as everyone knows, the war lasted for another three months. The German war machine and the home front it covered were like a rotten core covered by a cracked shell, but a shell which still hung together because it did not know what to do—explode, cave in, splinter into pieces, or simply disintegrate into dust.

There is not the slightest doubt that Foch, with all his keenness, did not realize what was going on behind the German divisions which were facing him. In the end of July, 1918, he declared in a letter to Clemenceau: "The decisive year of the conflict will be 1919." And this cannot be explained by natural caution because Foch had often before predicted victory when the facts of the situation did not in the least justify such optimism. The Allies simply did not know how badly Germany was shaken.

It is worth remembering in this connection that Germany's position in the summer of 1918 was militarily better than it is now, if only because the Eastern Front had almost completely collapsed. German troops stood approximately along a line stretching from Narva on the Gulf of Finland to Rostov on the Sea of Azov. The newly-born Red Army was able to harrass them here and there. It had even been able to thwart their intention to march on Petrograd (Leningrad) early in 1918, but the German High Command knew very well that large scale offensive action on the part of the Red Army was completely *ausgeschlossen* (excluded).

Nowhere were Allied troops near German soil. And still, Ludendorff advised the Kaiser in August, 1918, that *from a military viewpoint* the jig was up.

The position of German arms today is incomparably worse, and getting worse and worse by the hour.

The Soviet armies have crossed the Neman, last natural obstacle before East Prussia. Once more, as we pointed out last week, rivers have proved no obstacle for

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the Russians. The fortress of Kovno (Kaunas) is outflanked, Grodno has been captured. These are the pillars of the Neman defense line, and that line has already been breached. Kovno is now the gate-post of a broken gate. Soviet troops are some forty miles from the *real* border of East Prussia. I underscore *real,* because the so-called Suwalki triangle does not really belong to East Prussia; the tip of that triangle is only about two miles from the Soviet vanguards northwest of Grodno.

The German defense line between the Dvina and the Pskov and Chudsoye Lakes has been broken. Two Soviet army groups (Bagramian's and Yeremenko's) are advancing on Riga along both banks of the Dvina. In the strategic center of the line, i.e., along the Moscow-Warsaw-Berlin railroad, Marshal Rokossovsky has captured the bastion of Volkovysk and is marching on Bialystok. There isn't even a serious river barrier between Chernyakhovsky's, Zakharov's, and Rokossovsky's men and East Prussia. The Svisloch and the Bobr cannot be considered serious obstacles, in the light of the fact that Generals Chernyakhovsky and Zakharov took the Neman right in their stride, without even pausing.

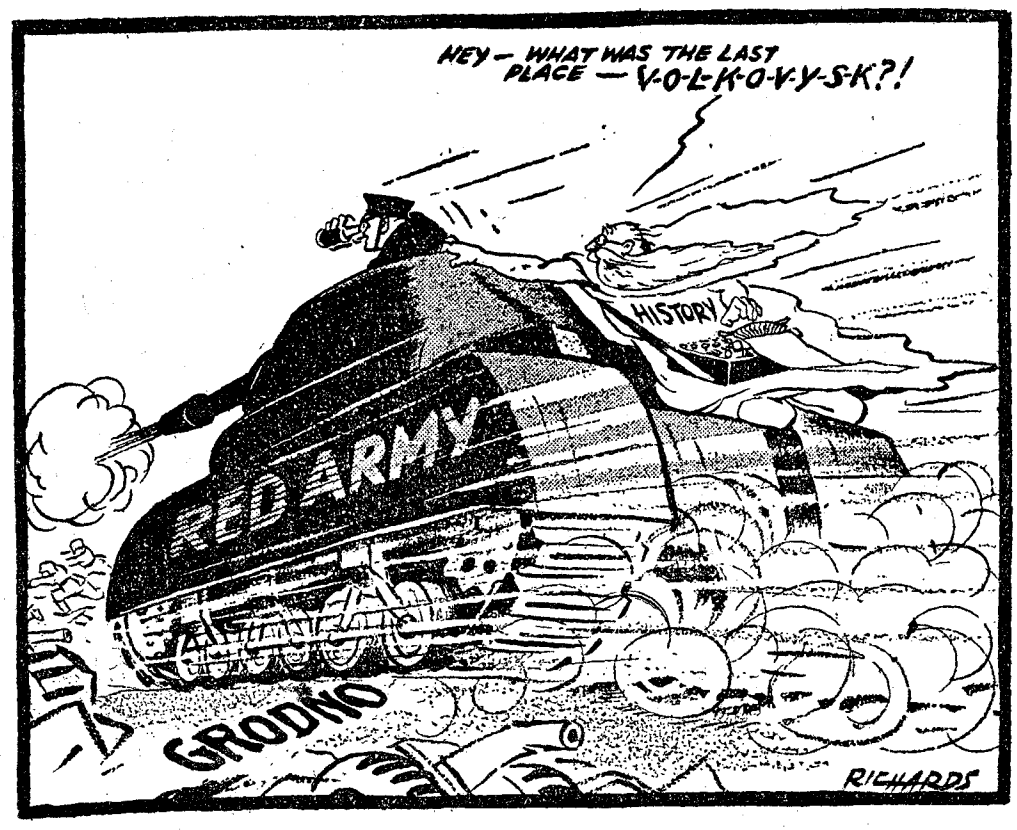
Further south, Rokossovsky is advancing on Brest-Litovsk from several points of the compass. He has taken Pinsk and thus deprived the Germans of the flank-guard afforded them by the Pripet Marshes. Still further south, along the arc running from Lutsk (Luck) to Tarnopol, through Bukovina to the mouth of the Dniester, the great "southern" marshals and generals are ominously poised with tremendous striking power at their disposal, seemingly waiting for the battle for Bialystok and Brest-Litovsk to be joined.

A propitious wind helping, the East Prussian Junker landowners can hear Chernyakhovsky's and Zakharov's guns roaring west of the Neman. This is something which has not happened since August, 1914. And then it happened at the outset of the war (when the Russians invaded East Prussia), while now it is happening during the closing phase. The difference is enormous.

IN ITALY the roar of guns can be heard in Florence (even without the help of propitious wind) and Allied shells are falling on Leghorn.

In Yugoslavia the seventh German offensive against Tito has fizzled and Serbian, Albanian, and Macedonian patriots are joining hands with the Marshal.

In Normandy the Germans in six weeks have not been able to produce a counteraction of strategic dimensions. The anchor of their line—Caen—has fallen and General Bradley is pressing back their line between Lessay and St. Lo. True, strategically speaking, the threat to the Germans is not yet acute from this quarter, but the hope that the Germans might have entertained of throwing us back into the sea has been blasted. The best thing the Germans can look forward to is a stalemate in Normandy, a stalemate in Italy and an onrushing avalanche in East Prussia and Poland.



London Daily Worker.

Giving History a Lift.

The Wehrmacht's extended positions in Norway and in Greece are crazily exposed. The distance between the North Cape and the tip of Greece is 2,750 miles; the distance between the Allied armies at Caen and at Kowel is only 1,200 miles.

The beast has been squeezed "flat." Under this terrific pressure all it was able to do was emit a jet of poisonous saliva in the form of flying bombs. Too little, too late . . . and too vicious.

So this is the general military situation. A situation which justifies Max Werner's opening sentence in his article in *PM* of July 16: "Germany's continuation of the war can no longer be justified by any military reasons; it can be explained only by political motives."

And Mr. Werner continues: "The Hitler regime can live only so long as it is still physically able to wage war. . . . The immediate reason for the continuation of German defense is . . . almost biologically simple: . . . to delay its own destruction for a short time. Hitler prefers to be hanged in November rather than July." To this I can add: at least after the first Tuesday in November when something favorable to the Germans might happen across the Atlantic and Allied unity of purpose might be "disembodied" by the "Great Prosecutor" who would probably prosecute anybody except Mr. Hitler & Co.

They will drag out the war hoping for a negotiated peace. Failing that—a *Logefeuer* finale *a la "Siegfried,"* or at least an attempt to stage one by the Nazi Party.

But what are the German generals thinking at this moment? Are they remonstrating with Hitler for a surrender before the Red Army reaches German soil (which might have happened by the time this reaches the reader), with Zakharov reported on July 16 only two miles from the Suwalki district? If they are, the Nazi Party, in the person of Hitler, is meeting their remonstrances with a flat refusal to stop the slaughter, which would bring about the end of the Nazi regime. Hence the necessity for the Nazi Party to heap opprobrium and the responsibility for German military failure on the heads of the German General Staff.

This leads us to the (partial) unraveling of the recent German propaganda line. There is no use analyzing the hundreds of thousands of words of gibberish that are pouring through the DNB microphones. Such phrases as: "great disengagement movements are being carried out in the Baltic in order to strengthen the defense of the Baltic areas," or "Large-scale operations to strengthen the front will be inevitable so as to free German forces and deprive the Russians of a chance to expand their bulge toward the Baltic," or the claim that the loss of Vilna was a huge defensive success" because the German garrison "left the city taking along great quantities of trophies and prisoners taken from the Rus-

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sians"—all this hooey defies analysis and is not worth it.

But there are German propaganda motifs which are worth noting. To begin with, we have radio General Dittmar's statement that "the Western Front still represents the focal point of current military developments." Note not only the strange word "still" in relation to a front which has been in existence only six weeks, but the very falseness of the statement in general. It is obvious that the home public's anxious attention must be focused on something less tragic than the Eastern Front. This is simply and purely a psychological diversion.

Secondly, we have the insults which Dittmar politely heaps on the German High Command (obviously, the professional soldiers). He says that they overestimated their own strength, underestimated the Russian strength, failed to foresee that the Red Army would strike where it struck, were outgeneraled by the Soviet generals and that, generally speaking, the danger today was not "softened by sufficient remoteness" to permit the German High Command to "correct its previous errors," while the "Russian High Command, as it had so often before, made superior disposition of its resources in men and material and thus created a serious problem for the German commanders."

Thus it seems to me that, brushing aside the gibberish of today's German propaganda, the important thing to consider is the indication that the Nazi Party appears to be taking over for the coming showdown. General Dittmar's blast at the High Command is significant.

GUEST EDITORIAL

By Earl B. Dickerson

THE DIES CABAL

MARTIN DIES has at least temporarily been retired from political life. Reaction has been weakened by this blow. Our country will be greatly strengthened through this victory.

For a number of years, Martin Dies of Texas has symbolized the degree to which reaction held entrenched positions in the political, economic and cultural life of our country. Through Martin Dies reaction cloaked itself with government immunity. A poll tax landlord, the adherent and advocate of America's most un-American and subversive institutions—Jim Crowism, segregation, sharecropping, lynching, and discrimination—occupied the position of guardian to America's democratic ideals. What a colossal mockery, what irony! Reaction in every phase of our life was strengthened by its hold upon this bridgehead. Martin Dies became the hatchetman for reaction. Let a progressive voice be lifted in any field of social endeavor and the Dies committee ushered forth on its unholy crusade.

Dies has now announced his retirement. Let the weaklings take heed. Let the defeatists ponder this victory. Dies has by this action testified to the growing consolidation of national unity generally. In particular, he gives proof of the growing unity of labor and the Negro people. Let us not fool ourselves or be fooled by Martin Dies. Reaction did not voluntarily surrender the bridgehead held by this, its congressional ace. Martin Dies is sick, but it is a political sickness that is becoming an epidemic. Already it has caught up with Costello and Starnes, two of the Dies committee stalwarts. The defeat of Costello and Starnes, the "retirement" of Martin Dies, mark but the beginning of a fall and summer offensive against the political bastions of reaction. This can be the beginning of the war offensive of the American people at home. It is coincidental to the heroic struggle against fascism abroad. The news of these victories here at home will hearten the heroic American and British fighters who are fighting on the Western Front.

The United Nations have called for the unconditional surrender of fascism; national unity in our country must call for the unconditional surrender of the agents of fascism regardless of whether we find them in high places in our political, our economic, or our cultural life. This alone is the guarantee for peace at home. The political fascists of the Martin Dies ilk base their calculations on protracting the struggle between white and Negro Americans, between Jew and Gentile, between capital and labor in our country. But their calculations will be brought to naught by the will of the American people to create and to perpetuate that national unity which is alone a guarantee for a lasting victory and an enduring peace.

THE object is now from Maine to the southernmost tip of California to clear the Martin Dies' out of the political arena. These enemies of American democracy know well that they cannot long hold out against the combined assault of a united people. They will fight desperate rear guard actions to save the loot stolen from the American people, but their ultimate and complete defeat is inevitable. They have robbed millions of white and Negro Americans of their constitutional right to vote. Through their system of sharecropping and peonage they have robbed these black and white Americans of any economic stability. They have robbed them of the right to an education. They have robbed them of the right to a cultural life. The toll that they have taken of the South is reflected in the report that the Economic Emergency Council submitted to our President on which he based his declaration that the South is "the economic problem number one of our country." Neither the Atlantic Charter nor the Cairo, Moscow, or Teheran declarations can be utilized to meet the demands of the world if these enemies of American democracy remain in high political places. For unless there is peace at home there cannot be peace abroad. The Economic Bill of Rights which President Roosevelt has stated must insure security cannot be enforced against a Congress stuffed with Dies' and Costellos, and Starnes'.

Martin Dies' announced retirement is not enough. He must be followed to his lair. Progressive forces of Texas must be strengthened through a still greater unity of labor and the Negro and the poor whites until they break the last bastille of the poll taxers. The defeat of Dies testifies to ultimate victory. It will not come of itself. It must be fought for and the fight will be desperate, but an understanding of the significance of this victory can bring the greatest inspiration to the forces of national unity. We are capable of performing miracles of political change if the forces of national unity are held together. Negro America has much to learn from the lessons of the retirement of Dies and the defeat of Starnes and Costello. It cannot win by itself. That is the foremost lesson of this victory. It cannot lose when fighting side by side with the advanced forces of labor. That is the second great lesson to learn from this victory. Under the present administration great forward strides have been made by the Negro people in particular, and by our country in general. We are approaching the most decisive days of the struggle. There is no reason to be dismayed, no reason to be disheartened. Victory looms ahead. On with the fight!

Mr. Dickerson is a former assistant attorney general of Illinois and an alderman of the second ward of Chicago.

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RECENT BOOKS

Whose Life?

THE REST OF YOUR LIFE, *by Leo Cherne. Doubleday, Doran. $2.75.*

LEO CHERNE has performed the feat of writing a book about the future of America which ignores the conscious will and intelligence of the American people as a factor in that future. *The Rest of Your Life* is in many ways a capable summation of the problems with which we will have to deal in the years ahead; but from beginning to end it is innocent of even a hint of how the American people can go about solving these problems.

Though Mr. Cherne attempts to safeguard himself from this very criticism by saying that he is presenting not a program, but a prophecy, no one who writes today about the postwar can escape the responsibility of the moment in which he is living. Whether he likes it or not, whatever he writes will affect the future to some degree. That future is not mechanically determined, but will be largely molded by human understanding of social forces and human action based upon that understanding.

Mr. Cherne, in fact, says several times that the future will be determined by "the struggle between frustration and intelligence." But despite these passing references, the prophecies which he makes—widespread unemployment, rising racial tensions, sharp group antagonisms, mass hysteria and madness, a third World War—have their foundation in a deeply defeatist belief that intelligent action cannot prevent the development of the forces of disintegration he catalogues. He feels that after the full fury of the orgy of disintegration is spent, our country will somehow overcome its problems and will survive. Nowhere, however, does he indicate how this will happen and nowhere does he show what kind of a program is necessary to achieve it.

The book has been widely called pessimistic; but this is not the root of the problem. As a matter of fact, considering what he actually writes, his final conclusions are irrationally optimistic. Essentially, Mr. Cherne is neither optimistic nor pessimistic. He is bankrupt. And like other bankrupts, he sees hope only in some unexplained providence of the future.

Why does an intelligent, capable man like Mr. Cherne—the executive secretary of the Research Institute of America; fortified by all the power of the sixty experts who, according to the advertisements, collaborated with him in preparing this book; with the understanding he shows of many of the problems of American economy; with his real hatred of tyranny and his desire for democracy—why does he find himself without resources before the challenging problems of the postwar era? In the last analysis it is because he does not credit humanity with the power to master the forces which it has set into motion.

He says that the great problem is a conflict which he calls "the growing gap between attitude and action." By this he means that our actions are not directed toward the fulfillment of our desires; but he presents both actions and attitudes as essentially absolute characteristics of the American people, ignoring the entire development of the past generation in our country, the great growth of understanding and organization since the first World War.

In a distorted way he is talking about a real problem, which is that humanity must learn how to achieve under the new circumstances of a developed world economy its age-old dream of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, of the possibility freely to work, live, and love. The problem of our time *is* to learn how to achieve these things under new circumstances. This can be done best by understanding the laws of society and utilizing these laws in new circumstances along roads where there are no signposts, in the way Earl Browder has done in *Teheran: Our Path in War and Peace*. Or it can be done more or less empirically, as some of our leading industrialists are doing, for example, in their new plans for foreign trade.

But Mr. Cherne does not understand the problem in this way at all. To him the conflict lies in the phenomenon of an apparently unchanging and unchangeable "individualist attitude," which bangs its head against the reality of socialized productive forces and takes refuge from the pain and frustration of that unsatisfactory occupation in mass hysteria directed irrationally against minority groups or other scapegoats. The reader is left with the feeling that the only solution of the problem would be mass psychoanalysis of the American people—all 140,000,000 of them. And, in fact, throughout the book there are more than slight indications that some of Mr. Cherne's defeatism does spring from a feeling that reasoned action is merely a rationalization of hidden Freudian drives and cannot be expected to solve any real problems.

THE first key to an understanding of the future, Mr. Cherne maintains at the very beginning of the book, must be the realization "that the war will have solved no basic problem. . . . To expect otherwise is like expecting that pneumonia will cure the physical debility that brought it on." As a matter of fact, pneumonia is not caused by debility but by the pneumococcus, whose destruction brings about the cure. And Mr. Cherne's social understanding is as weak as his medical. For this war represents the long delayed but finally achieved unity of the overwhelming majority of mankind for the destruction of Nazism and the preservation of national independence. Had that unity been achieved earlier, its aim might have been gained without a long and exhausting war; but the fact remains that the struggle has

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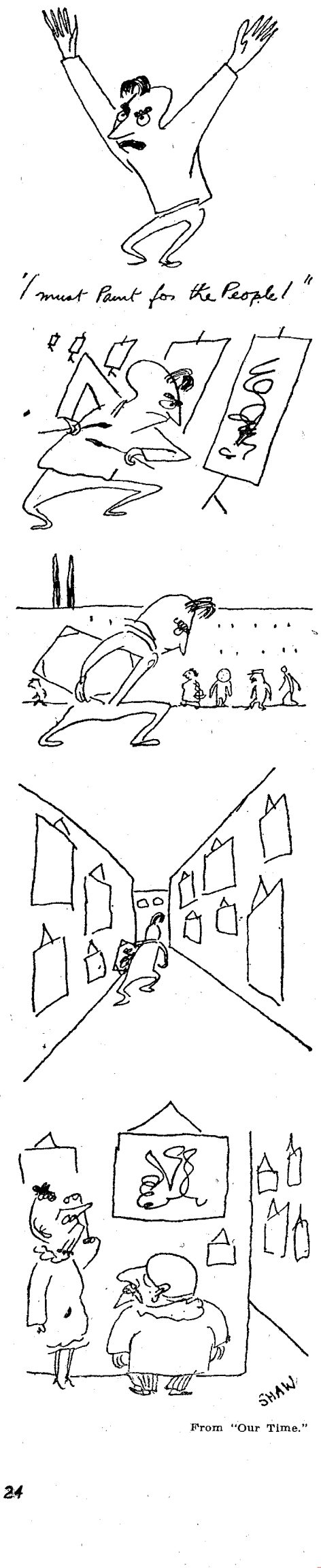

From "Our Time."

taken the form of war, of a vast liberating war, bringing to high expression the best understanding, courage, and integrity of mankind. Its victorious conclusion will not only achieve the destruction of Hitlerism. Through the strength and understanding of the liberating forces generated in the struggle, it will also bring about the destruction of much of the feudal and semi-feudal breeding ground of fascism in Europe and Asia; and in this country the mobilization, at a high level, of democratic power against the backward elements in American life. Clearly, if one can see no direction to the enormous effort and sacrifice of the war; if, as one's first key to the future, the war must be regarded as meaningless, then a future of frustration, of "mass guilt" follows.

Another example of Mr. Cherne's inability to understand the real forces at work is his chapter on labor, entitled "Organized for Retreat." While he is fully aware that only expanding production can solve the economic problems of the nation, this chapter has not the semblance of an indication of labor's path to a solution of its problems through cooperation with other sections of society for the achievement of the goal of expanding production. Apart from his suggestion to the courts that a Communist-led union might well be deprived of the protection of the National Labor Relations Act—a proposal which hardly accords with the democratic faith which Mr. Cherne professes—the only conclusions the chapter contains are in the last two sentences: "Labor isn't sure where it is heading, except that the road directly ahead is retreat. It will be right." He sees that without political action labor cannot solve its problems, but the only political action he can conceive of by labor is that of an "independent," divisive kind along the lines of the New York Liberal Party and the Michigan Commonwealth Federation. Realizing that that has no possibility of success, he concludes that labor is bankrupt.

He is frightened, and correctly so, at the prospect of sharp internal struggle and super-isolationist generation of the seeds of a new war. But nowhere does he show any conception of the formation of the policy toward which decisive sections of America, from Communists to captains of industry, are moving today—the policy of national unity directed toward the resolution of the problems of expanding economy and developing democracy, which is the only basis upon which the dangers he foresees can be avoided. Indeed, because Marxists have played a part in the development of such a program, he comes to the conclusion that "Marxism will be at its lowest ebb in America at the end of World War II."

Mr. Cherne talks in democratic terms. At the beginning of the book he says that in the United States our choices "can still be made by democratic decision. To that extent, substantial portions of the rest of your life will be shaped by you." Yet he quotes approvingly a sentence from the proto-fascist, Ortega y Gasset: "If that human type, the mass-man, continues to be master in Europe, thirty years will suffice to send our continent back to barbarism." He implies that mass action of the people is a form of insanity. He speaks, it is true, of a conflict in the people of "intellect with violence," but nowhere does he indicate the possibility that mass action can be intelligent. The reader is left with the impression that action by the people can only be a menace to the future of the world.

At a time when the intellectual, the social scientist, faces the greatest challenge in history to put his science at the service of humanity, to help the people attain an understanding of how to move forward and control the future, Leo Cherne is unfortunately typical of a group of intellectuals who have lost confidence both in the people and in intelligence itself.

F. J. MEYERS.

Understanding the Origins

GERMANY: A SELF-PORTRAIT. *A collection of German writings from 1914 to 1943. Edited, with an introduction and chronicle by Harlan R. Crippen. Oxford University Press. $3.75.*

THERE is no doubt that books dealing with Germany and German problems will pop up in the next several months like mushrooms after a summer rain. Certainly among the important ones now published is Mr. Crippen's anthology. He has selected pieces of fiction, essays, and documents by thirty-four different German writers, making his choice not on the basis of their literary merit but with "reference to their prime importance toward an understanding of the German nation." The selections are tied together by a historical chronicle, serving as background, which creates a sort of running narrative giving the whole anthology the character of a rounded work.

In his chronicle Mr. Crippen succeeds in furnishing the reader with a sound basis for understanding the origins of Nazism. He shows how the evil began in the very first days of the Weimar Republic with the Social-Democratic leaders of the Noske-Ebert-Scheidemann type surrendering power to the Junkers, the generals, and the big industrialists who were in turn subsidizing reactionary movements leading finally to the Nazi SA and SS. No wonder that this kind of historical picture irritates certain people allergic to the truth. The editors of the *Neue Volkszeitung*, for example, have been raging against Mr. Crippen's book. Konrad Heiden, an inveterate German Red-baiter living in this country, smeared the book under the respectable

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auspices of the New York *Times* book section. One of the reasons for Heiden's stupid attacks is Mr. Crippen's failure to include a piece by Adolf Hitler or by Hitler's biographer, Heiden himself.

Mr. Crippen begins his anthology with a short but very instructive picture of German developments from the foundation of the Bismarckian Reich in 1871 until the beginning of the twentieth century. A picture of the Kaiser by Herbert Eulenberg—who has become a member of Goebbels' writers' organization—follows. The period up to the end of the last war is covered by a few more chronicles and pieces among which Heinrich Mann's and Arnold Zweig's novel fragments and Rosa Luxemburg's letters excel. Theodore Plivier's memorable "End of the High Sea Fleet" is the highlight of the section devoted to the 1918 period. The chronicles giving the history of the early years of the "reluctant republic" are very good, showing clearly the roots of later developments towards fascism. The period from 1921 to 1933 is covered less completely and less persuasively. The beginning of the Hitler era is well depicted. Sketchily represented in the book are the years following the outbreak of the present war. And the anthology closes with the manifesto of the Rhineland conference, a remarkable essay by Ferdinand Bruckner, and a moving poem, "The Blossoming to Come" by J. R. Becher.

With all its merits, however, Mr. Crippen's book suffers from a few rather grave shortcomings. In the correct belief that "a compilation of German barbarism is as historically dangerous, inaccurate and unfair as would be a collection devoted exclusively to the works of humanitarian Germany," the editor has thought it necessary to represent both faces of the Janus head of Germany. To achieve this, he has lumped together a number of outspoken anti-Nazi and democratic writers with Nazi followers such as Thyssen, Carossa, and Salomon. But in this reviewer's opinion the circulation of the writings of pro-Nazis is no service to anti-Nazism. It only confuses the reader. In addition, Mr. Crippen's collection suffers from still another defect. He chooses from the camp of Nazis a few rather soft-mannered and well-combed people and thus runs the risk of creating the illusion that Nazi literature is not so bad after all and that the Nazis are quite human and gentle. The effect on the reader who may not be very vigilant is to underestimate the enemy. Mr. Crippen, of course, despises fascism and fascists and there can be no doubt of his friendship for the anti-Nazi cause, but unfortunately his method of selection in several instances runs contrary to his excellent intentions. What makes this mistake doubly regrettable is the fact that every one of the themes covered by Carossa, Salomon, Thyssen, Eulenberg, and Hausmann could have been discussed by the writings of authors who did not bow to Nazism, and these selections would have been even of superior quality.

Nevertheless Mr. Crippen's anthology will prove rewarding reading to anyone who wants information about the trend of German developments between two wars. It is definitely among the better books on the German problem.

ERNEST SCHREITER.

Literary Sabotage

ONE of the most outrageous and palpably dishonest stunts we have seen in a long time is the *New Republic's* printing of a review by Granville Hicks of Earl Browder's book, *Teheran: Our Path in War and Peace*. The reader familiar with Hicks' political convolutions will hardly be surprised by a tract as surly as it is stupid. Having chosen the road of the renegade he has now arrived at that cranks' camp of pessimists and pacifists who glory in infantile acts of destruction. His absolutions in ink are pitiful and they are the marks of a man with a rotting conscience.

But for the *New Republic* to have given Hicks Browder's book for comment, obviously knowing what he would say before he had read a word of it, is a violation of any definition of integrity. We have come to expect such conduct from journals that make no pretense at objectivity or fairness. The *New Republic*, however, would have its subscribers believe that its standards are those of decency in journalism. Yet its editors were willing to have a review written by a man to whom Browder's name is anathema. Certainly they did not think the book unimportant in light of the space and position they gave it. But this was apparently one way of fattening the calf for Hicks' abattoir. If it is *New Republic* policy to judge books not on their merit but on the basis of prejudice and blind hatred then its much vaunted liberalism is so much hogwash. Would the *New Republic* invite the deserter from the Red Army, Victor Kravchenko, to review a book by Marshal Zhukov? Would it ask Jacques Doriot, ex-Communist and Hitler's collaborator in France, to write his opinion of a work by Maurice Thorez, head of the French Communist Party?

And more, is the *New Republic* opposed to books which defend the Teheran agreement and contribute a large measure of understanding of how to bring it to fruition? If Browder's book, one of the ablest presentations of the significance of Teheran in world politics, is to be condemned in its pages, then the *New Republic* has reached the summit of hypocrisy. For the *New Republic* has itself described Teheran as "the bell that tolls out Hitler's vauntings and savagery. And it rings in a world . . . for which the masses of common men have fought and hoped." If this magazine means what it says, then why in the name of common sense does it publish such diatribes as Hicks'?

Conclusion of a Legend

JOSEPH THE PROVIDER, *fourth volume of the tetralogy "Joseph and his Brothers," by Thomas Mann. Translated by H. T. Lowe-Porter. Knopf. $3.*

THIS is, to quote the book-jacket, "the concluding volume of what is regarded by many as the greatest creative work produced in the twentieth century." And there can be no doubt about the fact that thousands of people who never buy a book, as well as thousands who do, are convinced that the *Joseph* tetralogy is as outstanding among other works of creative writing as Coca Cola among the soft drinks —the only difference in consumption being that Coca Cola is really drunk and digested whereas the *Joseph* tetralogy is mostly put on a shelf and left there unread or read only very fragmentarily. It is a sure bet that many owners of Mr. Mann's last works have never bothered to read them, and we are confronted with the phenomenon of a writer's rising to a position of pre-eminence and fame, his books sold by the hundreds of thousands, while he is really read only by a small minority. The explanation of this "miracle" will certainly keep a generation of literary historians and experts in advertising busy for years to come.

This reviewer does not contend that there is nothing to be admired in Mr. Mann's tetralogy. The author has spent ten years of strenuous work in research and writing on the four volumes that stretch a biblical story of about ten pages out to 2,000. A tremendous amount of erudition is packed into the tetralogy, and readers who really plug through the work from beginning to end emerge as experts in the differences of Sumerian, Hebrew, Greek, Babylonian, and other mythologies of the year 3,000 BC. But have they read a

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novel? Even in granting that the author has surpassed the pedagogical and philosophical detours of the old German *Erziehungs- und Entwicklungsroman* (novel of education and development), and granting him the use of the self-insertions of the Romantics, we feel that Mr. Mann has overdone both to such an extent that the novelistic elements are buried under the heavy burden of endless philosophical discussions, theological meditations, inserted remarks, etc. Furthermore, Mr. Mann indulges in a style which denies every law of artistic economy. What can be said in one sentence is drawn out for a whole paragraph, and sometimes for half a chapter. The symbolism of certain discussions becomes so complex that even the most patient and willing reader cannot extract the meaning from the glittering, sweet, enormous lather of words around it.

With the exception of Joseph and Jacob, not a single character really comes to life. They are mostly mere mouthpieces for moral, philosophical, and theological doctrines. The use of at least three different names for every major character adds to the reader's difficulties. The overwhelming impression is of pompous dullness, mingled with admiration for the author's enormous research erudition—an erudition which, however, is invested in far-away spheres of little use and interest for today's reader.

A comparison of the English translation with the German original shows that the translator has done an excellent job. Perhaps almost too good a job—in attenuating some of the pompousness of Mr. Mann's original language.

G. RITTER.

Too Hot—Too Cold

MY LIVES IN RUSSIA, *by Markoosha Fischer. Harper. $2.75.*

MY, BUT this is a nasty little book. Only a grim sense of professional duty can explain any inclination to read 269 pages of retroactive aches and pains recorded by the wife of Louis Fischer, a leading member of the anti-Soviet brigade.

This is one effort Isaac Don Levine didn't help ghost. For it bears on every page internal evidence of Mr. Fischer's assistance and special animus. The same self-absorption and over-weening conceit which characterize his writings are evident in this book by his wife, who tries to palm off her product as a simple, "personal" story. As a curtain-raiser to her thriller Mrs. Fischer informs the public: "It was with great pain that I wrote this book. I did not write it because I wanted to discredit a brave ally or bring disunity among the United Nations or give comfort to the enemy." This virtuous testament is given the lie by scores of the author's assertions which follow.

Markoosha was born in Russia. She studied abroad, went back to old Russia during the first World War. After a while she decided to come to the United States. Here she met Louis Fischer, and later returned to Russia—Louis, meanwhile, wrestling with the problem of whether to enrich man's cultural heritage by becoming a foreign correspondent, or to go into forestry. In 1922 Markoosha and Louis were married. She spent most of the next twelve years earning a living for the family, which presently included two sons, as translator and research staff for Fischer—who busied himself hobnobbing with the famous in various European capitals. Hence much of Markoosha's book consists of wails about the difficulties the Fischers had on the Housing Question. It is a dismal, distorted, and self-contradictory chronicle of their life in Moscow.

Nineteen hundred and twenty-two found Mrs. Fischer employed in secretarial work with the Russian delegation to the Genoa conference. She reports that "being the only one on the staff who knew foreign languages, I was present at most sessions and secret conversation, and saw highly confidential documents." With rare candor she confesses, "But I never really understood the meaning of the talks." Nevertheless, she feels perfectly free to pass hostile judgment on Soviet internal economy, foreign policy, and the Moscow Trials.

The Soviet Union found it an almost impossible task to keep Markoosha and her hubby happy. "The more the Five-Year Plan expanded, the scarcer food and other commodities became," she reports. Expecting her Louis back from his annual jaunt to the United States she foraged for "some delicacy for his first meal at home." Her haul included a can of sardines, but when she opened the can, "a most putrefying odor filled the room."

Times changed, and now other things began to fret Markoosha. "It was hard to keep track of all the new excellent varieties of bread and cakes. Candy stores filled with endless varieties of hard candies and chocolate candies filled with fruit and liquor, candied fruit, gift boxes and animals and toys stuffed with sweets. Poultry was plentiful, so was meat and fish." Moreover, "Life acquired an unaccustomed routine. Louis complained that things had become too quiet. The entertaining of friends, always the most pleasant feature of our Moscow life, became even more extensive than before, thanks to our new apartment and wealth of food. We were able to have festive dinners."

Despite their gay parties, the Fischers were terrible worriers. No sooner were the Moscow marts jam-packed with bread, cakes, candy, fruit, poultry, meat, and fish than the public-spirited couple became distressed over the Soviet proposal to make

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abortions illegal. "This always happened to me in the Soviet Union," Markoosha writes, "Something like the anti-abortion law would arouse all my indignation and opposition." Why and wherefore, lady? Soviet authorities made birth control information and contraceptives available to all. Despite that fact abortions were increasing at an alarming rate. Following a widespread discussion in the press and factory and collective farm meetings throughout the USSR, the Soviets, gauging the sentiments of the people in favor of the proposed legislation, adopted it into law.

This was only one of the minor Fischerite irritations. One day, Mr. Maurice Werthheim, a New York banker, came to dinner. Niura, the maid, had washed the shelves and closets, putting out all the china on the wide kitchen window sill. Hark! "A draft opened the window and broke every plate, bowl, and cup we possessed." Markoosha reports mournfully that "Mr. Wertheim never knew what hectic hours I spent that day to replace the china and have dinner on time." Even a greater blow to the Fischers was the inconvenience caused by the Soviet government's prompt action in ferreting out and destroying Hitler's Fifth Column in the USSR. How could Stalin, immersed in matters of state, know that so many of the smaller-fry caught in the net were frequent dinner guests at the Fischers?

Describing one of these parties, she writes: "I still have a guest list of that evening. Some of them . . . are in the United States. *Several were executed in the great Soviet purge.*" (My emphasis—S.G.) And in describing the difficulties of packing preparatory to the family's departure for America, Mrs. Fischer reports that "innumerable volumes were . . . burned," including "the works of Trotsky, Radek, Bukharin. . . ."

As the wife of a correspondent, Markoosha too must have an "original" explanation for the Moscow Trials. She "rejects the theory that it was the Dostoyevsky in the accused that made them confess." Astonishing enough in an independent author, she is partial to her husband's theory.

"It was Louis' idea," she reports reverently, "that the accused had an understanding with the state prosecuting attorney," a theory that has been thrown into a cocked hat not only by the defendants themselves (whose last words I heard in the Moscow courtroom in which they were condemned), but also by such students of Soviet affairs as former ambassador Joseph E. Davies, D. N. Pritt, the eminent British barrister, and by contemporary history itself.

La Fischer says life in Moscow became dreary after those purges, with too many empty chairs around the guest table. And following her husband's little excursion to Republican Spain, where the leaders declined to let him run the war, they decided to emigrate to the United States. The last chapter records the miscellaneous problems involved in effecting the Great Migration.

My Lives In Russia is, I have already noted, a nasty little book. To the extent that it will be read and accepted uncritically, it will poison American opinion against the Soviet Union. Insignificant though the volume is, as literature or politics, it is nonetheless a germ carrier.

SENDER GARLIN.

About a Small Nation

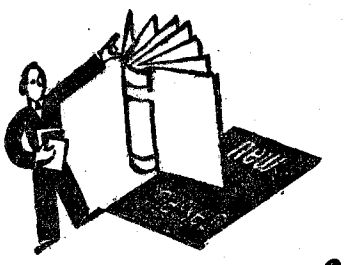
THE NETHERLANDS, *edited by Bartholomew Landheer. University of California Press, $5.*
THE NETHERLANDS: STORY OF A FREE PEOPLE, *by Hendrik Riemens. Duell, Sloan & Pearce, $4.50.*

THE volume which Dr. Landheer has edited is one of a series dealing with the nations of the United Nations, published "to promote mutual understanding among the Allies." It includes chapters by more than twenty contributors, each an authority in some phase of Dutch history, economics, social development, and political habits. It is inevitable that in such a collection some chapters are better than others; and perhaps the best are those dealing with Dutch history, colonial expansion, art, and architecture, while articles on labor, political parties, and social structure are less rewarding.

Dr. Riemens' book is perhaps more suited to the casual reader who wants a look-see at the panorama of the Netherlands and a glimpse of its democratic heritage. Dr. Riemens is Commercial Secretary of the Dutch Embassy in the United States, and he spares no pains to give a well-documented, yet compact and readable account of his native land.

Both books help to illustrate two major postwar problems: the role of small nations in the peace, and the disposition of colonial empires. Small nations will have a place in future world peace organization, but how large and powerful a place is the troublesome problem. Nations like Holland fear they will be assigned a minor role in which their interests will be subordinated to those of the Big Four. Whatever the validity of these fears, the fact that they exist at all points up certain weaknesses in Allied postwar planning which are a hangover from international power politics and a world from which the Soviet Union was excluded. The compact of Teheran, fully applied, can quiet the fears of small nations by assuring their existence as strong and independent states.

Empire has been the traditional basis for Holland's wealth, and while that country has developed a limited democracy at home, it did not, before the war, concern itself with the national aspirations of the colonial



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peoples. Dutch colonial rule, as a matter of fact, was among the harshest of any of the great powers. The occupation of much of its Indies empire by Japan has brought some changes in Dutch policy—not many to be sure, but at least a recognition of the fact that after the war it will be necessary "to reconstruct the kingdom on a solid foundation of complete partnership . . . with complete self-reliance and freedom of conduct of each part regarding internal affairs." Queen Wilhemina's statement, made in 1942, is a step in the right direction, and it represents the beginning of an adjustment which will have to be made if Holland's position in world affairs is to grow. Dr. Landheer's book contains a number of illuminating chapters on the Indies which are much franker in their recognition of colonial problems than are the chapters in Dr. Riemens' book, although Riemens does admit the need for "internal reforms." Both books can and should be read with considerable profit; they will enrich our understanding of an important ally, and in the days to come, when our liberating armies reach Holland, we can expect that Dutch love of freedom, Dutch heroism and Dutch national spirit will be ready to buttress the work of our troops.

STEPHEN PEABODY.

Brief Reviews

SIX THOUSAND YEARS OF BREAD: ITS HOLY AND UNHOLY HISTORY, *by H. E. Jacob. Doubleday, Doran & Co. $4.50.*

MR. JACOB tells the story of the western world in terms of one of its great food staples, and in so doing he makes bread the pivotal and determining factor in just about every major social, religious, political, and economic upheaval. He says that Christianity's appeal rested in the beginning on the literal promise of bread for the masses of poor people. He attributes Rome's fall to lack of bread, and asserts that the Middle Ages was a period of intellectual darkness because of a decline in the art of breadmaking.

At best these are half-truths, but Mr. Jacob sets them up as verities to the exclusion of other historical factors, and spends much time passionately defending them. The result is a curious lopsidedness which tends to obscure the genuine contributions of Mr. Jacob's research. No doubt about it, he has gathered together a fine account of the mythology, demonology, and the religious rituals in which bread plays a dominating role. The author's story of the Bread Church of Eleusis and the cult of Demeter, for example, illustrates the mystical importance which the ancients attached to bread. Interesting, if not conclusive, is the discussion of bread in Christian ritual, and the meaning of Christ's admonition: "Take, eat; this is my body."

Unfortunately Mr. Jacob is not a disciplined writer; he lets his thoughts wander into bypaths, and he frequently gets sidetracked. Nevertheless, he gives an encyclopedic account of the history of bread, the evolution in the technology of baking, in wheat and wheat growing, and in man's attitude and relation to bread. In these respects the book leaves little to be desired.

PACIFIC PARTNER, *by George H. Johnston. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $2.50.*

JUMPING from geography to history, from personalities to production figures, Mr. Johnston captures the Australian atmosphere and that continent's great potentialities. He is not unaware of how the war is hastening the transition from Empire ties to a close orientation to the United States—a problem which undoubtedly worries London. The author along with many Australians was of course alarmed over the fact that there was no concentration of military force to take care of the Japanese menace. But it is now evident that El Alamein and Stalingrad contributed much to the safety of Australia. Certainly today our great offensives on all fronts, including the Pacific, bear this out. This volume is far from a definitive work on Australia. It is, however, a compilation of flavorful tidbits interspersed with some definite opinions on the future of that country.

FILMS

YOUR reviewer, with sweet kindness aforethought, deliberately refrained from turning out a column last week. This in hope that the following seven days' film product would prove more worthy of your consideration. To be perfectly truthful, however, this second week has crept along as uneventfully as its immediate predecessor.

What we have on hand then, is an inoffensive aggregate of three films: *Once Upon A Time, Christmas Holiday,* and *Marine Raiders,* with a rather dismal, abysmal duo, *The Hairy Ape* and *Bathing Beauty,* to remind us that air-conditioning has its limitations. Of the five films mentioned, *Christmas Holiday*—Universal (featuring Deanna Durbin, Gene Kelly, Richard Whorf, Gale Sondergaard, Gladys George—directed by R. Siodmak) is the most compelling item. Its failure to develop into film fiction of first class rank is regrettable when you consider that the opus had the makings.

Christmas Holiday relates, via the flashback method (hardly a novelty these days), the story of Abigail Monette (D. Durbin)

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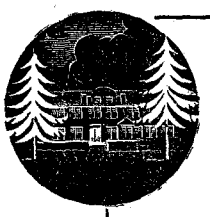

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who falls in love with, and unfortunately marries, a thoroughly charming but unanticipately murderous Southerner. In pursuance of a sizable larceny her husband (G. Kelly) knocks off his victim and is committed to a Louisiana prison until death do us part. Abigail being convinced by her mother-in-law (Abigail is convinced with tremendous ease, I thought) that *she* rather than said husband is to blame for the homicide, takes herself off to a low grade gin-mill. There, in the capacity of hostess and part time chanteuse, she seeks a sort of Dostoyevskian expiation through self-debasement. Of course, the above resume doesn't give you much to go on, but you can take it from this reviewer that had the human complexes and relationships merely *hinted* at in the film been given valid play the result might have been one for the books, as the saying goes. The technical end of the production, particularly the sound recording (I call your attention to clever rendering of tonal perspective in Christmas Mass) is very good indeed.

The shortcomings of *Christmas Holiday* are of a piece with a film reviewed several weeks ago, *Days of Glory*. They are largely attributable to the same motivation, but even more egregiously. *Christmas Holiday* is first and foremost a "vehicle"—a Durbin vehicle—and let subtleties, relationships fall where they may. The ironical fact of the matter is, however, that Durbin is totally unsuited to the job Universal cut out for her. The stuff is obviously too strong, too complicated for her unidimensional though admittedly pleasing talent.

A goodly number of the film's absurdities result from the attempt to surround Durbin with sure-fire emotion wringer-outers so that somehow the predetermined audience response will redound to her credit as an actress. It didn't work for me. She remains an un-young mask throughout. What realization of the film's almost hidden potentialities does occur is the work of the supporting cast.

I am thoroughly aware that recommending a film to the reader, not particularly for itself, but for what it might have been, is not the general practice. I am not, however, practicing a type of facetiousness. *Christmas Holiday*, in my opinion, is exactly that kind of film.

"Once Upon a Time" does not fully capitalize on its possibilities. Quite the contrary, my friends, quite the, quite. For if ever a cinematic two dollar bet has been parlayed into a four-time killing, this is it. It seems that a certain Mr. Flynn, played by Cary Grant, has lost his touch (he produces Ziegfeldian spectacles) and his bankroll to boot, which is a more serious matter. Flynn is about to call quits to glory when this dreadful resolve is checked. He discovers Curly, the dancing caterpillar.

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The attraction magnificent! Curly's trainer, Pinky, and Flynn go into partnership, with the well-understood proviso that Curly is to be exhibited but never sold. And more of the same. Slight stuff, as you can see, and enjoyable in a modest restrained sort of way. Unfortunately for complete comfort, Columbia Pictures mercilessly overstates its case—in the film, that is. We are assured every five minutes of running time that this is "fantasy, folks. The greatest, whoppingest whopperoo ever whupped. And you can't go wrong if you take it profound." All concerned, Grant, Janet Blair, James Gleason, Ted Donaldson, William Demarest, director Alexander Hall, worked their darndest to make Columbia's claim good. But try as they will, nothing super emerges. Though when all the tugging is over, what remains is easy enough to take.

THE third of this column's recommendations—RKO's *Marine Raiders* (screen play by Warren Duff, directed by Harold Schuster, featuring Robert Ryan, Ruth Hussey, Pat O'Brien)—is a minor example of the "service film." Minor, but well-meaning and worth a spin of the turnstiles when it comes around. The film's plot never succeeds in shaking the corn dust from its folds—assuming that the attempt was made, which we doubt. But there are at least two good documentary streaks in the proceedings and several warm-hearted performances which justify our rating.

MGM's *Bathing Beauty* would look bad even if it had *not* followed the same company's *Two Girls and a Sailor*. It would look as bad following an eight millimeter roll of the family at the beach. The kindest thing certain of the town's scribes have found it in themselves to say about *Bathing Beauty* is to the effect that some of its aquatic scenes might conceivably allay the summer heat. They failed to specify the year. I'm suggesting the film for the dog-days of 1947. Then its admission will be more realistically priced, we trust. If you're interested, principal splashers in the pool are Esther Williams, Red Skelton, Basil Rathbone, Harry James, Xavier Cugat. Technicolor.

To the credit of Robert D. Andrews' and Decla Dunnings' screen version of *The Hairy Ape* it must be stated that genuine effort has been expended to avoid the animalism of the O'Neill original. But O'Neill is tenacious, if anything, and will not be denied. The result, as has already been indicated, can be avoided without irreparable hurt to your movie-going career. That is, unless the O'Neill name is irresistible for you, or William Bendix, who, incidentally, goes through his paces with considerable expertness, is your beau-ideal. Alfred Santell directs.

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I Meet Some Fuehrers

(*Continued from page* 13)

"Did you happen to know," I said, "that besides being an executive committee member of the Republican Nationalist Revival Committee, Mr. Regnery is also a member of the national committee of the American Democratic National Committee?"

Grace seemed rather taken aback. No, he said, he hadn't known it.

"Isn't it rather peculiar for a man to be a leading figure in a Democratic committee at the same time that he is a leading figure in a Republican committee?"

"Well, to be frank, I wouldn't do it myself, but I guess Mr. Regnery feels he can be useful that way."

"Yes, evidently the great cause of hating That Man transcends party lines."

I asked Captain Grace whether his committee was connected with any other groups. He denied there was any connection despite the interlocking directorates through such men as Southard, Regnery, and Brundage, "but naturally we feel friendly to other anti-Roosevelt groups." And in the course of a few minutes he revealed the comprehensive character of this Roosevelt hatred by insisting that this was a war for empire on both sides, that the United States was not a democracy but a republic (this is a favorite fascist argument which has been used by the defense lawyers in the trial of the twenty-nine seditionists), and by belligerently defending Coughlin against the charge of anti-Semitism while professing never to have read a copy of Coughlin's *Social Justice*.

One of the "other anti-Roosevelt groups" which Smith and Grace and the entire negotiated peace crowd regard so warmly is the American Democratic National Committee. But since I'll probably be seeing more of it during the Democratic convention I'll report in a later article on my talks with the leaders of this outfit, including Coughlin's *deus ex machina,* Robert M. Harriss.

Gerald L. K. Smith, Capt. William J. Grace, Col. Robert R. McCormick, and the other leaders and satellites of the fascist front were undoubtedly disappointed at Dewey's nomination. Their favorite was originally named MacArthur and later Bricker. Their major objective, however, is to defeat Roosevelt, and Colonel McCormick, during the convention, led the way by embracing Dewey and the GOP platform. Smith may continue to sulk for a while in order to strengthen his bargaining position, but man of principle that he is, he cannot help discerning that the enemies of Roosevelt, the decriers of Teheran, the men who wanted us to let Hitler conquer the world, are inevitably on his side. America's fascists won't let Dewey down.

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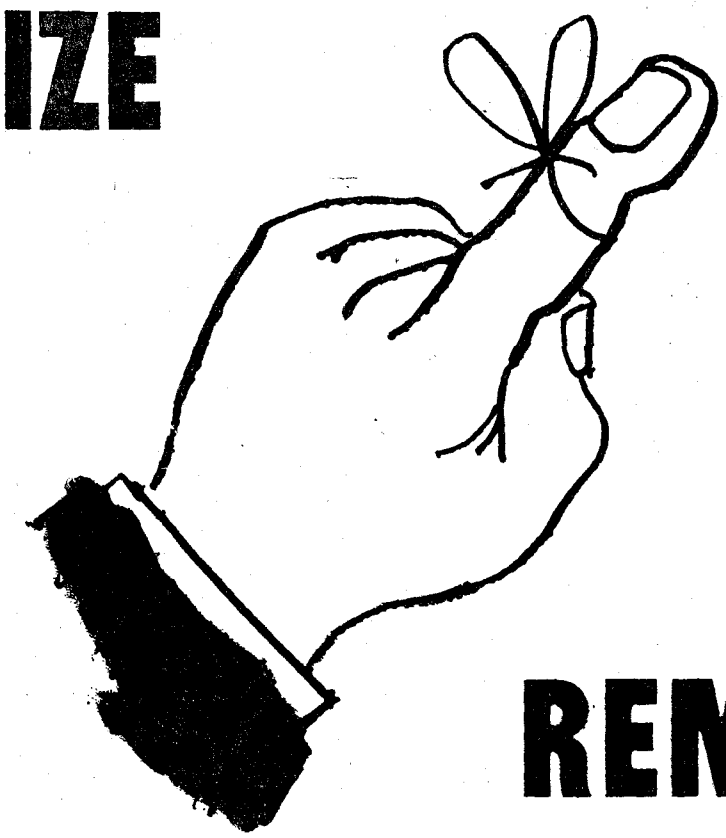

REMINDER

You haven't much more time to compete for the first of the Art Young Memorial Awards—the $100 prize for the best cartoon or drawing received in this office before August 10. The judges are: Daniel Fitzpatrick of the St. Louis "Post Dispatch," William Gropper, and Moses Soyer, and the winner will be published in the next quarterly literary issue of NEW MASSES.

And in case you've forgotten—there are three other prizes: $100 for the best poem, $100 for the best short story, and $100 for the best non-fiction prose—reportage or criticism. The deadline and the judges for each category will be announced, one at a time, in the next three literary numbers, and the prize winners will be published in subsequent quarterly issues. This doesn't mean that you can't submit your poem, short story, or non-fiction now. We will welcome entries until the close of the contest. Please indicate, when you send your manuscript, that it is a contest entry.

While there's still time, sit down and write that poem, short story, reportage or criticism you've had in mind for so long. It might get you $100.

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